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With the next issue of THE ACADEMY (dated October 15th) we shall publish as a special supplement THE POETICAL GAZETTE, the official journal of THE POETRY SOCIETY, which will deal specially with poetical affairs. In future this supplement will be issued monthly on the first Saturday of each month.

Readers of THE POETICAL GAZETTE other than the members of the Poetry Society, and newsagents accustomed to supply THE POETICAL GAZETTE, are advised of this arrangement whereby the Gazette is issued as an integral part of THE ACADEMY.

The attention of Publishers and other Advertisers is also drawn to this announcement.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK

EUROPE has been startled by the revolution in Portugal, which has apparently ended in the overthrow of the monarchy; but even as we go to press there are rumours that the troops which still remain loyal to King Manoel are marching on Lisbon, so the revolution may not yet be a *fait accompli*. The whereabouts of the Royal family are uncertain, but it seems that the King and Queen-Mother have both fled; or, at any rate, their lives are in no danger. The Republic has been proclaimed, with Theophilo Braga as President, and the capital is calm and satisfied with the change of government. Apparently the outbreak started early on Tuesday morning. At midnight on Monday twenty-one shots were fired as a pre-arranged signal; certain regiments revolted, and were joined by a large armed mob and by all the warships except one. The first act of the revolutionaries was to cut the telegraph wires and sever all communication between the capital and the rest of Europe. The revolted troops and the mob then attacked the barracks of the regiments near the Royal Palace which still remained loyal to the King. There seems to have been some heavy fighting, in which about 100 persons perished, after which the remainder of the troops joined the insurgents. At noon on Tuesday the warships commenced to bombard the Necessidades Palace, where the young King was in residence, and his Ministers counselled him to leave, which he did, either by taking refuge on a warship or flying from the capital. On Wednesday the loyalist troops abandoned the struggle, and the Republic was proclaimed.

The causes of the outbreak are difficult to define, but apparently where King Carlos failed as a dictator King Manoel has equally failed as a constitutional monarch. Either form of government was equally unacceptable to the professional politicians who control Portugal's political machine. Politics in Portugal begin and end with the word plunder. The so-called democracy is but a farce; the people are too ignorant and prejudiced to understand the first principles of self-government. Corruption is universal throughout the country, and directly Carlos as Dictator, or Manoel as a Constitutionalist, tried to check it their doom was sealed. There are many rumours afloat as to the conduct of the young King. It is said that he increased the unpopularity of the throne by the expenditure of large sums of money on a Parisian actress, and by lavishing jewels on her when the country was almost bankrupt. Democracy throughout Europe is in a state of unrest. The recent outbreak at Berlin, following the Kaiser's despotic utterances on the divine right of kings, came as a rude shock, and now the divine right has been blown to the four winds in Portugal after a few hours' desultory street fighting. But will the remainder of Portugal acquiesce in the choice of the capital? If not, the miserable country will be faced with a long and bloody civil war which will cast her still more hopelessly into bankruptcy. Spain at present remains tranquil, but what will be the effect of this successful revolution on all the inflammable material amongst King Alfonso's subjects? In spite of Mr. Lloyd George, England seems to be the safest place to live in at the present time. The friendship between England and Portugal is traditional. We hope it will remain so under a Republic, but the new Government must clearly understand that we cannot tolerate an alliance with anarchy and disorder; therefore the first duty of the Republic is to restore peace and public confidence.

We notice that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has not been able by a lightning method to settle the inherent difficulties in Form IV. In his usual airy way he disposed of the matter a week or so ago after a conference with persons carefully selected to agree with his conclusions by deciding that practically there was no difficulty in filling up the Form. He offered the advice, which would have been useless as a defence in a Court of Law, that a sufficient answer to some of the offensive and practically impossible conundrums embodied in the monstrous Form, would be "I don't know." Mr. Lloyd George has now found it necessary to convene two more meetings of experts over whom he, who is no expert at all, will preside to clear up the difficulties which a week or so ago he pontifically stated did not exist. Mr. Lloyd George at the Treasury is happily a passing incident, but the injury which he has inflicted upon sane government will last and be a precedent for other foolish and ignorant persons to follow in the future.

We welcome with much pleasure the news that Mr. Wilson, of Glasgow, is following in the path of Mr. Osborne in resisting the tyranny and fraud of using money contributed to a trade union for the purpose of sending to the House of Commons Socialist monstrosities who pretend to represent working men. These persons are the worst class of beggars, inasmuch as they rob those who cannot afford it of money to maintain themselves in a position in which they are unable to offer any return for the money. The revolt against the oppression of trade unions is a thoroughly healthy sign. The Unionist party has been largely responsible for the legislation of these bodies, and if they had been governed by honest and level-headed men we should not have a word to say against them. In some cases, of course, these unions have been admirably managed, and their funds have been used for the purpose for which they were intended. Latterly, however, some of the largest unions have been governed by men whose only end was to grind their own axe; hence the whole system has been brought into disrepute, and the disgust which is felt by the outsider has now spread to the ranks of the members. If the result is the purging of talkative, irresponsible, and none too honest persons we shall welcome the development. Trade unions may then revert to the legitimate path of honourable usefulness which they were designed to fulfil.

We notice with considerable pleasure that Mr. Enoch Edwards and Mr. Thomas Burt at the annual meeting of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain entered an emphatic protest against strikes being entered upon before all methods of conciliation had been exhausted. This advice, although late in the day, is very welcome. We remember fifteen years ago giving similar advice to an open-air meeting of miners at Wombwell, near Barnsley. The meeting, although not in the least friendly to the views which we expressed upon other matters, listened with the deepest attention to our remarks as to the folly and crime of needless strikes. Mr. Edwards and Mr. Burt have been a long time in arriving at the conclusion that they should offer advice of this kind to their clients. Of this we do not complain. On the contrary, we welcome any sign of sanity on the part of Labour leaders, and we are only glad to observe that these gentlemen, at all events, take any course which entitles them to be called leaders.

We cordially welcome the new magazine issued by Messrs. Hutchinson entitled "The Wonders of the World," to be completed in twenty-four fortnightly parts. We think this magazine stands alone. It is of the greatest possible interest. The illustrations, amongst which is one in colours entitled "A Pagoda that Rocks with the Wind," are excellent. A traditional tomb of Christ, the Cemetery of the Capuchin monks, the Tower of Silence in Persia, the Rocking Stone, Tandill, Argentina, the Great Wall of China, are all of the highest interest. The interior of a Jain Temple at the summer capital, Rajputana, is most exquisite. We doubt whether such finished ornamentation can be seen elsewhere. The Giant Buddha at Kiatang, China, is extraordinary. The full figure is about 150 feet in height, and the face of Buddha is remarkable, although not for beauty. The Golden Temple at Amritsar, the sacred home of the Sikh religion, is a type of perfect symmetry and of perfect peace. It is impossible to mention all the reproductions of marvels in the first number, an advance copy of which we have received, but the illustration of the Temple of Rameswaran, Ceylon, will be a revelation to many budding architects who have not travelled to the East.

A writer with a nimble pen and the gift of satire who calls himself E. D. Ward, but whose name is not unlikely to be Lucas, has perpetrated an amusing tract. Under the title of "Sir Pulteney" (Methuen and Co.), he delivers a sermon against modern tendencies—the desire for novelty at any cost, the itch for excitement, the loss of belief, and the craving for the unknown. His little book contains a very bitter pill cunningly hidden in the jam of amusing and clever writing in the manner of "The Passing of Arthur" and "Wisdom While You Wait." There is a suggestion of Wells and Jules Verne in the main idea, which is filled out with some very deft character-drawing. The plot of the skit is that a company promoter, a typical philosopher and dishonest person, is tired of making money in the usual illegitimate business manner, and turns his nimble brain to a method both ingenious and simple. He promotes a smart hotel for *blasé* people, who experimentalise in sensations, at which they may, if they choose, commit suicide. Not, however, in the dull, conventional manner, by razor, poison, or pistol, but by treating death as a charming and exciting adventure. Attached to the hotel gardens there is a mysterious gate, and behind this gate there is an immense field, where the laws of gravity are so peculiar that if a person puts himself into a certain position he is caught up and whirled away into space like a feather, or Longfellow's arrow. Effete people swarm to this place in order to dally with death, and, of course, none of them make use of the means of leaving life. Great fun is made of Parliament, journalism, Mr. Stead, suffragism, the stage, society, art, and everything else under the sun, and the whole thing makes amusing reading. It is quite the sort of book to render a railway journey less tiresome or a dull morning pleasant.

THE JOURNEY

From her clear caverns rising
  Into the sky's lagoon,
With delicate disguising
  In misty veils, the moon
Fronts that wide amber distance
  Robe of retreating day,
And with demure insistence
  Pursues her limpid way.

Cloud-flowers aflame in sunset
  As poppies, grow less bold,
Change, at that slow, deep onset,
  To blooms of marigold,
And fading still, to pansies
  Dusky and dreamy fall,
While with her starry fancies
  The night entangles all.

Earth swings her mortal millions
  Through this enchanted net
Round, round where dawn's pavilions
  Of pearl and rose are set
Till gleaming, gemmed with wonder,
  Or blanched by silver rain,
Or dense with heat of thunder
  Morn rides the east again.

So in great deeps we travel,
  Divinely sheltered, known
To One who can unravel
  The threads that reach His throne;
So, for a thousand ages
  The waves of time we breast,
Weep, work, and spend our rages,
  Laugh, sleep, and sink to rest.

W. L. R.

MR. BALFOUR AT EDINBURGH

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Balfour was the guest of the Scottish Conservative Club at luncheon, and afterwards delivered his eagerly anticipated speech which ushers in the Unionist autumn campaign throughout the country. He dealt with four subjects, all of topical interest, in detail, viz.: (1) The Conference, (2) the Osborne Judgment, (3) the Payment of Members, (4) Land Tenure and Small Holdings. What the right hon. gentleman said about the Conference can be dismissed in a few words. He cast no light whatsoever on its work. and the tone of his utterance was highly pessimistic, which seems to prove that although the spark of life still lingers in its enfeebled frame, the eight physicians hold out very little hope. But Mr. Balfour declared that it must have permanent results as "an experiment in the working of free institutions," and "I know that the meeting for free discussion of people divided by those deep fissures which separate parties in this country, to discuss on equal terms great problems affecting the Empire, must have a great effect now and hereafter." But we always thought that the House of Commons was the proper place for the parties to discuss "great problems affecting the Empire," and therefore if Mr. Balfour's sentence has any meaning at all it appears he believes that the future development of Constitutional government in this country will trend more and more towards secret conferences when the leaders are embarrassed by their impatient followers. With this proposition we entirely disagree. We believe that the sole result of the Conference will be to show clearly the utter futility of them in the future.

Mr. Balfour next dealt with the crisis that has arisen in the ranks of the Socialist and Labour party from the effects of the famous Osborne judgment. On this question he took a very strong line, declaring that he would never sanction the gross tyranny that must arise from a section

of the community being forced to subscribe funds towards maintaining a political party in an Imperial Parliament towards whose views they are irreconcilably opposed. He said that this would constitute the worst form of tyranny ever introduced into our political system. We are glad that Mr. Balfour made so firm a declaration on this point; but, on the other hand, we consider that his views might have been expressed many months ago, even before the last General Election, when the matter was before the country. Everyone who was a candidate for Parliament on that occasion knows that he received more questions as to his views on the Osborne judgment than on any other subject. Those who were wise refused to commit themselves, and answered warily and vaguely about "maintaining the interests of the minority," but many were caught napping, and their answers are now on record and will be used in judgment against them at the forthcoming struggle at the polls. Whereas, had the Unionist leader come out with a firm declaration in 1909, this difficulty would have been obviated.

Mr. Balfour then passed on to the question of the payment of members. He did not rebuke Mr. F. E. Smith for his declaration in its favour, but proceeded to criticise it as an alternative to the Osborne judgment in the most abstract manner, finally arriving at the conclusion that it would be injurious to the future tone of the House and therefore to be opposed. "Are there no alternative remedies?" he asked, and, seeing none in sight, he said, "Remember we are not the physicians now called in to prescribe; we are not the surgeons who are called in to perform the operation one way or the other . . . there are many topics on which I would like to speak, but two on which I must speak." Thus he left his followers completely in the dark. This is a policy of laissez-faire with a vengeance.

Here let us say a word on the subject of leadership, the art and morality of which have sadly deteriorated during the last ten years, until we sigh for the strong man who can lead his army instead of following it, who can make up his mind in advance and point a line for his loyal followers to take when attacking the enemy's positions. It has always been the custom for the great warriors of the past to address their troops before the battle commenced, not after it was over; to point out those positions to attack and those to defend, and thus encouraged their armies have sprung forward with alacrity to the onslaught, confident of victory. But the unfortunate Unionist Party is treated very differently. Without orders from its leaders it struggles laboriously on to the battlefield, occupying certain positions marked "Osborne Judgment," "Tariff Reform," "Food Taxes," "Defence of the Constitution," etc., and sees before it the enemy holding his, "The Payment of Members," "Abolition of the House of Lords," "Home Rule," "Confiscation" and "Socialism." The Unionist rank and file, not knowing on what point to concentrate for attack or defence—for their leaders are miles in rear trying to make up their minds, generally behind the friendly shelter of a golf bunker—struggle manfully on and hurl themselves fearlessly on the enemy's redoubts. Some of the attacks meet with partial success; some fail because the wrong ground is chosen; others are won and then lost through lack of adequate support, and at the end of the day the net result is small because there has been no organisation, no cohesion, no fixed objective, and no directing hand to profit by the enemy's mistakes. Thus, when night falls on the stricken field, belittered with broken promises, fallen ideals, and wasted endeavours, the heroic Unionist host is scattered like a flock of sheep which has lost its shepherd.

Then when all is over the leader appears and delivers his postponed oration—not a stirring harangue such as would arouse the fading enthusiasm of his followers, but in the form of a mild philosophical criticism on the day's operations. "Soldiers," he says, "of the Conference with the enemy's leaders I must not speak, but even if it fails it is an interesting experiment. You were quite right to defend the Osborne position, ethically it would have been wrong to surrender it. I think you were right to attack the Payment of Members Redoubt, although on this point I have no settled convictions, and I cannot blame those of you who attacked it and those of you who defended it, but I regret to see so many have fallen by the shots of their friends. But I would not have it otherwise. I am told that in the complex system of modern combat many must necessarily fall from the misdirected shots of their own side—this may be sad, but it is inevitable if weapons are entrusted to the unskilled hands of large masses of the community—but I do say this, that whether we capture that part of the enemy's position known as 'Payment of Members,' or whether we do not, we can at least point with pride to the fact that we were so open minded that some of us fell in defending and some in attacking it; and thus, whatever the future holds in store, some of us must have been right and some of us wrong. Now let me pass on to Fort Food Tax. I am in favour of holding it, but should the enemy concentrate a very large force in this direction, then you can abandon it and occupy that known as 'Tax the Foreigner,' which is stronger. We must die to a man in defence of the House of Lords' Castle, although the walls are weak and obsolete, but if the enemy's attack becomes too strong, then some of you must hoist the white flag of Reform, and perhaps they will clear off."

The bewildered soldiers gather round their leader and ask his commands for the future conduct of operations. "On this subject," he replies, "I cannot commit myself, the initiative is with the enemy. We will wait and see what they do and make our plans accordingly. After all, it is their job, not ours. Therefore, let us dismiss the matter and pass on to that portion of the field which I see on my map is marked Land Tenure, Small Holdings and Tariff Reform. I believe we are on firmer ground there."

The weary army once more picks up its weapons, hoists its threadbare banners, and struggles on, leaving its dead promises to stink in the nostrils of the countryside, and its wounded, laggards, and discontents to find refuge in the enemy's camp. Can methods such as these lead to victory?

SOME POETS OF THE VICTORIAN ERA

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.—*Continued.*

The fault in Rossetti's poetry is one which arises from his very love for effective language and resonant periods. Too often he yielded to the temptation of fine words, of a rolling combination of consonants and vowels. While he frequently succeeded, as in such beautiful phrasings as "Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes," "Spring's perfect imminent hour," "And round his heart one strangling golden hair," he sometimes sacrificed meaning to sound, as in "the unfettered irreversible goal," "elect in choral consonancy," "multiform circumfluence manifold." This quality of the "forcible line" appears more often in Rossetti's verse than in that of any other poet; it is characteristic, and has in many instances a tremendously clinching effect. The too facile imitation of it has been the downfall of many a sonnet written by those who have copied the trick without adequate skill and knowledge. The desire to end on a "fine line" is a snare to the young poet, if ever there was one, praiseworthy though it be. Very truly, we think, does Mr. A. C. Benson observe that "the poets whom Rossetti profitably affected have been of a secondary order; poets who have been more concerned with the manner than the matter of their verse. . . . The school of Rossetti has been thronged rather by poetasters who desired to write than by poets who have been constrained to sing."

The ballads which Rossetti wrote have a peculiar witchery of their own, but are sometimes weakened by being too long. "Sister Helen" has a terribly haunting refrain, and its shuddering final stanza rings with unearthly magic; the whole poem has in it a ghostly wailing:

"Ah! what white thing at the door has cross'd,
Sister Helen?
Ah, what is this that sighs in the frost?"
"A soul that's lost as mine is lost,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Lost, lost, all lost, between Hell and Heaven!)

By "Eden Bower," with its alternate refrains "Eden bower's in flower . . . And O, the bower and the hour," we cannot help being reminded of William Morris's "Two red roses across the Moon," inconsequently enough, perhaps, since the subjects are altogether different. "Love's Nocturn" is full of sheer music:

Poets' fancies all are there,
There the elf-girls flood with wings
Valleys full of plaintive air;
There breathe perfumes; there in rings
Whirl the foam-bewildered springs;
Siren there
Winds her dizzy hair and sings.

One can well believe that Ruskin, mentor that he was, did not approve of "Jenny," a commemoration of a side of life that is usually passed over in silence; but not many who read it can resist its spell. It is a marvellous little poem, and as simple as it well can be in expression. It has a notable instance of that tendency in Rossetti to which we referred, to use Nature as an aid in his descriptions of woman—in this case a woman who was anything but "natural":

Why, Jenny, you're asleep at last!
Asleep, poor Jenny, hard and fast—
So young and soft and tired; so fair,
With chin thus nestled in your hair,
Mouth quiet, eyelids almost blue
As if some sky of dreams shone through!

We do not intend to quote from "The Blessed Damozel," by far the best known poem—wonderful achievement indeed, for a youth of nineteen—for it is fairly safe to presume that most persons who read these words will have it by heart, or, at any rate, be sufficiently familiar with it; and it is superfluous at this time of day to point out its beauties. Enough to say that Rossetti rarely excelled it, and to note how little it seems to derive from any previous poet—unless we can ascribe its magic of language to the influence of Keats, whose work, according to Mr. W. M. Rossetti, he sems to have been reading at about this period.

As a literary curiosity, of no particular value as a poem, but rather a strange experiment in alliteration, we quote the first of the seven short groups under the title of "Chimes."

Honey-flowers to the honey-comb
And the honeybee's from home.

A honey-comb and a honey-flower
And the bee shall have his hour.

A honey'd heart for the honey-comb
And the humming bee flies home.

A heavy heart in the honey-flower
And the bee has had his hour.

Rossetti, as everyone knows, was one of the original members of that small band of enthusiasts which called itself the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," and which influenced strongly the art of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Mr. Holman Hunt, whose loss we so recently have mourned, shared a studio with Rossetti at the inception of the revolutionary idea, and for many years was intimate with him.

It is difficult to over-estimate the power of the tremendous revival in art and letters which began in the early years of the century, and with which the men whom we have been considering were all intimately connected. By some link of acquaintance, correspondence, or friendship, each one seems to have known the other; Rossetti knew Browning, Browning knew Tennyson, Swinburne, Meredith, Coventry Patmore (who contributed to the short-lived *Germ*) and a score of other famous men are all interwoven with one another's work and destiny. Shall we ever again pass through such a re-birth of the artistic sense, of literary energy? It is not wise to answer in the negative, for all history proves that these things come in waves, that great men appear "in the fulness of time" when there is need of them. The flood of poor verse and worthless fiction which overwhelms us to-day will surely in due time recede, containing within itself no elements of permanence. But, whatever should be our literary fate during the coming years, the Victorian era, even if its poetry were its only shield and buckler, can as firmly as the age of the Elizabethans confront the threatening frown of envious Time.

TWO ART EXHIBITIONS

THE Exhibition of the Stock Exchange Art Society at the Drapers' Hall is well worth a visit. It shows how men seek relaxation from heavy work in a direction which leisured people might deem laborious. The only adverse criticism which we feel disposed to make is that these sometimes opulent gentlemen have been in some instances too lavish with their colours. Viewing a large number of pictures in close proximity to each other, the wealth of colour is somewhat oppressive. We do not forget, however, that this objection would not occur if the pictures were hung separately and rightly blended with others of different colouring. We have nothing but praise for Mr. F. Slade's landscapes, of which some seven are on view. He shows considerable talent, and his draughtsmanship and colouring are extremely good. The same may be said of Mr. S. Le Blanc Smith's "Summer Evening" and "Troy Cottage, Polperro." Mr. H. Hewkley is very prolific, but is apt to overdo his colouring. "The Gorge of Constantine" can only be described as gorgeous. His Billericay, Summer is inky, and somewhat impossible shadows are cast by the trees. We do not admire Miss Hilda A. Reid's "Interior Crofter's Cabin, Hebrides." There is something in a mauve cot; what it is is not quite apparent, but the mauve colouring is distinctly disagreeable. There is also too much colour in the same artist's "The White Sands, Reef Bay, Hebrides." "Moonlight, Sandown Bay, Isle of Wight," is quite a nice picture, but Mr. J. L. Leonard has forgotten the moon. "Three Scenes at Rye," by Mr. C. H. Hopper, are beautifully executed, the technique being excellent. Mr. H. E. F. Buch is very successful in his picture, "Commerce and Commerce Protectors." The vessels are beautifully drawn. Miss D. T. Pope gives us a nice old dog called "Gypsey." Miss M. Grace shows a very nice landscape, entitled "Autumn," and Mrs. G. S. Brocklebank is quite successful in "Twilight, Folkestone," and "Hastings Fishing Boats." Here we must leave the water colours, as the second section which follows after the drawings is not, in our opinion, with the exception of "A King's Fleet," by Mr. H. E. F. Buch, nearly so good as the first section. There are about twenty-five extremely clever drawings. Mr. A. L. Sydney, who exhibits six, is particularly happy. His "Bourchier," as Henry VIII.—or shall we say as "King Leer"?—takes our fancy particularly: "Jack Frost" and "Water Babies," by Mr. H. C. Alson, are very clever, as are others by the same draughtsman, which we have not space to criticise. The paintings in oil do not appeal to us much, although some have considerable merit. Amongst the pastels, landscapes 192 and 193, by Mr. Hugh Williams, are, we think, extremely good, but his "In Plymouth Harbour" and "Exeter from the Canal" appear somewhat too hard. The photographic reproductions by Mr. O. C. Quekett are all good. Mezzotints, etchings, carving, and sculpture, all deserve a word of recognition.

EMMA, LADY HAMILTON.

BY invitation of Messrs. Macmillan we viewed the thirty illustrations reproduced in colour from original portraits of Emma, Lady Hamilton, which will be published in the forthcoming volume, with letterpress by Mrs. Frankau, shortly to be published by that firm. Messrs. Macmillan

are much indebted to the owners of the various pictures who have allowed them to reproduce the illustrations for their forthcoming volume. We are inclined to think that there will be some controversy as to whether some of the portraits are really of Lady Hamilton. If they are so it would be a proof that the painter's art is often deceptive. No. 17, "From the Nude," in the collection of Sir Tolmache Sinclair, ascribed to Romney, is a new discovery. As it is a profile view, with one arm upheld, hiding the face, we feel a little doubt whether it is rightly described as a study of Emma. We think that certain of these portraits were actually painted from life, and were not merely conventional studies, intended to represent certain characteristics of Lady Hamilton, the artists were but poor performers. Either one set of artists have unduly idealised their subject or the other set have been guilty of unwarrantable caricature. The volume will, we think, be most interesting and attractive, and as only two hundred and fifty copies will be issued, we advise all who are interested in Nelson's beloved to make early application for copies.

THE FENIAN SAGA

THE origin of the word Fenian, connected in modern times with political disturbances in Ireland some 50 years ago, dates back to the semi-mythical period. Its revival was not altogether inappropriate. Fionn, of the third century, was a sort of bandit chief over a horde of outlaws or freebooters, called Fianna. He had a famous son named Oisín, or Ossian, who may be regarded as the founder in a sense of the Fenian or Ossianic cycle of epic poetry and prose. There are a great number of legends and songs belonging to this cycle, found both in Scotland and Ireland. Even in our own time many are recited as folk-tales by Gaelic-speaking people. Hence arose the well-known "Ossian's Fingal" and "Temora" of James MacPherson, which aroused a storm of controversy in the eighteenth century. MacPherson discovered a number of legends current among the Gaelic-speaking people of Western Scotland and the Isles. Instead of giving these exactly as he found them, which would have been a work of considerable value, he turned them into rather high-flown poems of his own, completely altering both their style and peculiar character. At the same time, he asked the public to believe that these were "old Gaelic ballads collected by himself in the Highlands." Such a method of treatment had neither the merit of critical acumen nor of historical accuracy. It presented an altogether false literary aspect. But it led to the true, and for this MacPherson at least earned a debt of gratitude from posterity. Scholars at once sought for the basis of his work, and found it in the vast accumulation of traditions, some oral, some in scattered manuscripts, existing both in Scotland and Ireland. Legends were collected by learned societies of investigation, such as the Scottish Highland Society and the Irish Ossianic Society. Our own century has seen a remarkable revival of the study of Gaelic literature. In 1908, Mr. John MacNeill published, for the Irish Texts Society, an edition of the "Duanaire Finn," or "Poem Book of Fionn." It consists of verses and very early traditional ballads collected in Ireland, and written at Louvain about the beginning of the seventeenth century. The original MS. is in the Franciscan Library, Dublin. Both Mr. MacNeill and Miss E. Hull, in her Text Book of Irish Literature, advanced practically a new theory as to the origin of the Fenian epic. Miss Hull writes: "The surprising problem presents itself that, while these tales seem best to express the Gaelic spirit, the Fenian Saga, as a whole, does not seem to have had its origin among the Gaelic population proper, but among some tribes dispersed in early times among the general population, and looked down upon by them as the remnants of an earlier and inferior race—the people whom the genealogists of the tenth century called the Firbolg." But the problem, after all, does not seem to us so very surprising, when we reflect that the epic was transmitted orally from generation to generation, doubtless with constant additions and variations, and that it had a thousand years among the Gaels in which to imbibe the Celtic spirit. Even in the earliest historical period the Firbolg were becoming assimilated to the Celtic people, who were their conquerors. Miss Hull admits this in her dissertation on "The Colloquy with the Ancient Men" (Agallamh na Senorach), a collection of prose stories belonging to the Fenian cycle, supposed to be narrated by Caeilte mac Ronan to St. Patrick at Drumderg, one of the old fortresses of Fionn.

"Towards the close of the 'Colloquy' Caeilte and Oisín (Ossian) meet again at Tara, and here the remnant of the Fianna, who had accompanied them, 'lay their lips to earth and die,' amid the silent grief of the whole of Ireland. It is characteristic of the piece that Dermot mac Cearbhal is reigning at Tara, and thus we have three separate epochs—that of the Fians, that of Patrick, and that of Dermot and Columcille—united together." What else in the way of internal evidence do we need for the gradual process of assimilation to the Celtic spirit? The fact seems to be simply this: Although the Firbolg were a conquered people, and became the servants of the Gael, and eventually their hired mercenaries, still the whole character of the Fenian legends strongly appealed to the Celtic temperament, so much so that in process of time the Gael made their legends their own, and continually added to them. For example, Fionn himself became a sort of national hero. The myths of the intercourse between the Fianna and the fairy divinities of the Tuatha Dé Danann are adapted to the Celtic mythology. Belief in phantoms is common to primitive peoples. Whatever the origin of the Fenian Saga, all its characteristics are thoroughly Celtic, as Miss Hull in effect admits. "The love of the chase, of song and war, pure delight in nature, strong fairy element, love of the humorous, the grotesque and the bombastic, and a markedly democratic tone, the creation of the people." What, for example, could be more delightfully Irish than the story of how Fionn and his companions were ensnared by nine phantoms in the Valley of Yew Trees? There is a hut, whence come ghastly screeches and wailings of a man having one eye in the midst of his breast, but without a head, whose deficiency is supplemented by a terrible old hag who has three heads. A ghostly churl calls for a song for the Fenian warriors. Immediately nine bodies without heads rise on one side of the awful hut, and nine heads without bodies on the other. Nine appalling screeches rend the air, and the nerves even of these great heroes.

Truly humorous is the description of the phantoms' battle-cries in the "Duanaire Finn":—

> "Though each rough strain of theirs was bad,
> the headless bodies' strain was worse;
> No strain of all so ill to hear,
> as the whistle of the one-eyed man.
> The song they sang for us that night
> would wake the dead from out the clay,
> It well-night split our heads in twain,
> *that chorus was not melody.*"

We can well believe it, nor are we surprised to learn (seeing that Potheen was probably known to these ancient heroes) that, after an all-night struggle, the awesome spirits and the dark hut all vanish into thin air at the screech of dawn, leaving these Fenian warriors "in a swoon upon the ground, from which, however, they revive in course of time, and return home none the worse"—an episode doubtless oft-times repeated in the cycle of Hibernian adventure.

Another feature of the Fenian Saga is the inspiration derived from and the reverence paid to nature. This, too, is peculiarly Celtic. M. Renan, in his learned essay on the poetry of the Celtic races, alludes to "the singular vivacity with which they have inspired their feeling for nature," pointing out how the legend of Merlin mirrors

this feeling. Celtic "mythology is nothing more than a transparent and realistic naturalism, the love of nature for herself, the vivid impression of her magic, accompanied by the sorrowful feeling which man knows, when, face to face with her, he believes that he hears her commune with him concerning his origin and his destiny. The worship of forest and mountain and stone is to be explained by this primitive naturalism." But with Christianity a new force came to do battle with the Paganism of nature and hero-worship, and with the glorification of battle and bloodshed. There are many traces of this struggle in the earliest traditional literature of the epic cycles. Although the written Ossianic literature dates from the fifteenth century onwards, "there are proofs that the general outline was formed at least by the eighth or ninth century." M. Renan considers that for the Celtic races the poetic moment of awakening and primal activity was the sixth century, and to this era we should be inclined to assign a probable origin for the tradition of the meeting of Ossian of the third century with St. Patrick of the fifth, a meeting which, though chronologically impossible, is manifestly typical of the struggle between Christianity and Paganism, and, it is hardly necessary to add, completely Celtic in all its characteristics. But it is in this prolonged conflict that we believe the key may be found for the problem of the blending of the aboriginal Saga, if we may so term it, with the Celtic folk-lore and traditions, until, in process of time, they mutually absorbed each other. Ossian pours forth his laments for the good old times of raids and battles, the days of fierce fighters and wild adventure; and although he boldly admits that if the ancient heroes were alive, he would throw in his lot with them rather than with St. Patrick's psalm-singing followers, he is still sufficiently terrified by the saint's preaching to ask, like Dives in the parable, for prayers for the salvation of the Fenian warriors. But St. Patrick says that there is no hope for Fionn, who must surely be in hell. Ossian asserts that hell could not hold so mighty a man as Fionn, which was probably true, and reminds us of the humorous story of a priest who told a modern Patrick that his deceased father had got his head and shoulders out of the door of purgatory. "Faith, thin," said Pat, pocketing his half-crown, "if he's got his head and shoulders out of the door, there isn't a man in hell, let alone the divil hisself, could keep him back." Reverent and devout as the Irish are, they can always treat even of sacred matters with pious humour. So Ossian sarcastically enquires whether Fionn's famous hounds will be admitted to heaven:—

> "Tell me in confidence, O Priest,
> If Fionn is left without, at least
> Will they let Bran and Sgeolan in
> Those gates of heaven, shut fast on Fionn?"

St. Patrick, who in this case apparently objects to giving gratuitous information in reply to frivolous questions, answers with spirit:—

> "Old man, who lackest grace and sense
> From whom I get no recompense,
> The courts of heaven and heaven's King
> Will never let these creatures in."

The baying of hounds did not appeal to St. Patrick, and, as most men are sensitive when their musical powers are called in question, he could hardly, perhaps, forgive Ossian's attack on his psalm-singing flock:—

> "I have heard music sweeter far
> Than hymns and psalms of clerics are
> The blackbird's pipe on Letterlea,
> The Dord Finn's wailing melody.
> The thrush's song of Glenna-Scal,
> The hounds' deep bay at twilight's fall,
> The barque's sharp grating on the shore,
> Than clerics' chants delight me more."

A like struggle against the austerity of missionary Christianity appears in Celtic Brittany. Renan points this out, and quotes an apposite passage from the introduction to M. de la Villemarque's edition of "Chants populaires."

"The antipathy to Christianity attributed by the Armorican people to the dwarfs and *Korigans* belongs in like measure to traditions of the opposition encountered by the Gospel in its beginnings. The *Korigans*, in fact, are, for the Breton peasant, great princesses who would not accept Christianity when the apostles came to Brittany. They hate the clergy and the churches, the bells of which make them take to flight. The Virgin, above all, is their great enemy; she it is who has hounded them forth from their fountains, and on Saturday, the day consecrated to her, whosoever beholds them combing their hair or counting their treasures is sure to perish."

But St. Patrick foretold the triumph of Christianity when he said to Ossian, "The heroes that thou weepest are dead; can they be born again?" His prophecy has been fulfilled in that the Celtic peoples have come to be reckoned among the most devout Catholics of Christendom. And although the Fenian Saga for the most part may represent him as a somewhat severe priest, the influence of Christianity is sometimes seen, as when he is made to declare:—

> "It is my King who made the heavens,
> It is He who gives might to the hero,
> It is He that created the universe,
> It is He that showers blossoms on the trees."

On the other hand, the Fenian Saga, transmitted orally for generations, parallel with the Arthurian legends and the Mabinogion, shows us the Celtic race, as Renan says, "in possession of a literature which, in the Middle Ages, exercised an immense influence, changed the current of European civilisation, and imposed its poetical motives on nearly the whole of Christendom." Whatever opinion may be held about the primary origin of this cycle, thus much seems clear, that it owes its permanence to its complete absorption into the Celtic spirit and temperament, whether that spirit was Pagan, as in the first instance, or whether it belonged to Christianity, which was its ultimate destiny.

MR. BEECHAM'S OPERA

"The Lowland, or Virtue Triumphant; showing how Mountains nourish Goodness, while Plains are the Seat of Vice," might well be the English title of "Tiefland," the opera which Herr Lothar and Herr D'Albert have made out of the "sensational" original of Señor Guimara. It tells the story of a lamb and a wolf, and how, for once in a way, the lamb got the better of the wolf, and we are to learn that "gare aux loups" is a cry for the lowlands, while we had better look for lambs upon a peak. The contrast of characters, the shepherd devout, unsophisticated, but full of natural animal impulse, and the rich, brutal, lustful man of the plains, is promising. But in the adaptation of the play as an opera, the strong story has been fatally weakened, and "Tiefland" is stagey and unconvincing.

Shepherd Pedro is the lamb. Contented and loving his mountains he is still, after six months' confinement to their solitudes that. "Never less alone than when alone" is, for him, a proverb of perfection. A vision has shown him that he is to have a wife, and he cares nothing for his neighbour Nando's warning that in a wife he will find "a bit of Heaven and the whole of Hell." To Pedro, as by magic, comes Sebastian, the wolf. He is a rich mill-owner from the "Tiefland." He might have been in the mind of that Spanish shepherd who said to George Borrow, "I would I were a wolf—he is better off than

the wretch of a shepherd." For he has lands, and a troop of pretty mill-maidens down below, and one of them, Marta, he has raised from her lodging upon the cold ground to a more luxurious, if less respectable, bed. Now, however, he is anxious to make a "good" marriage, yet determined not to lose his Marta. So he decides to marry her to innocent Pedro, who shall become head-miller. Pedro accepts rapturously, and descends to the lowland crying to his neighbour, "See that the wolf does not come." Thus far the prologue.

Act I. shows us the mill maidens gosiping about the reasons for Marta's wedding. They are joined by Nuri, an *ingénue*, who has much to tell about some odd scenes she has witnessed between Sebastian and the bride-to-be Marta. She, poor girl, is thoroughly ashamed of her past, and, deeming that Pedro knows all about it, despises him so heartily, that though she is driven to the wedding, she will have none of him after it. In vain he woos, and tells the thrilling story of his victory over a wolf. Her manner rouses suspicion, which is not allayed by the appearance of a light in her chamber. Still, Pedro has practised patience among his mountains, and, in the end, is content to fall asleep on the floor, murmuring "the wolf will not come to-night."

But the wolf had come. It was his light that shone in Marta's room, and, next morning, the lamb's suspicions, greatly augmented by the tattle of Nuri and the rest, make him decide to escape to his mountains, not alone—oh! natural but naughty lamb!—but with Nuri. This is too much for Marta. Love for her bridegroom is awakened. Sobbing out her story of shame, she bids him kill her. Of course, he forgives. They will fly to the mountains where they will be "nearer to Heaven." But, first, Sebastian must be slain, and, this accomplished, the innocent and the injured go aloft, the lamb shouting loudly, "The wolf is dead, and I have killed him."

"Tiefland" has now become undoubtedly popular in Germany, and some critics declare that it is an important if not a great opera. Others find that it is not good art at all, and that it advances the cause of opera in nothing. We are sorry that we must agree with the last-mentioned. Much has been made of the strength and simplicity of the original tale, but in its operatic guise it is a curious mixture of weak lyricism, stage passion, and dragged-in episodes. Now it seems a moral tale such as Mr. Barlow might have related to Harry Sandford and Master Merton, now it recalls the scenes from a "shilling shocker." No doubt the book contains material out of which a musical genius might have made something beautiful and potent, but in Herr D'Albert's pages there is, alas! no trace of genius. There is not even the evidence of unusual cleverness. There is deftness and there is ease, there are happy touches here and there, but of strength, insight, grip, there is no sign whatever, to say nothing of originality. Here is a fatal defect, the absence of a personal note in the composition. Except that it is thoroughly German, a Spanish story Teutonised, a blood-red tragedy of the Pyrenees brought down to the style of the Black Forest, a legend of Catholic Spain told with an accent of Lutheranism, "Tiefland" is not an opera with a real character of its own. The music may be pretty and pleasant in the lyric passages, but it is never strong enough for the tragic moments, and seldom rises above the conventional. Cannot Herr D'Albert write a tune that is entirely his own? From the score of "Tiefland" it would seem that he cannot. We are bewildered by the variety of reminiscences culled up by his music. It is all made up of

> "Lines that have done much duty,
> Lines, better to put it, of ancientry."

Now it is early Wagner, now it is late; now it seems as if the opening bars of a number of Sullivan's ballads and bits of Savoy operas have been haunting the composer's unconscious brain. Now it is Puccini, now a Germanised Gounod who is making music for us, but it never seems to be D'Albert. There is no individual influence at work; there is not even mannerism. It is like a *macédoine* of fifty fruits, without a single controlling flavour. That the orchestration is skilful and pleasant need not be denied, but it is not more definite in character than are the melodies with which it is concerned, and it teaches us nothing new. The best writing, perhaps, is that when the mill-maidens appear. Here it is animated and graceful enough, and both the ballad in which Marta tells her story and the guitar-song of Sebastian are appropriate and ear-catching. The pastoral music, too, is pleasant, and the various dance tunes that occur in the course of the opera are cheerful if not distinguished. But Herr D'Albert is only commonplace when he would sing a strain of exaltation, and he fails to give utterance to the note which should foreshadow the tragedy that is coming. The music, as a whole, may be called pretty, but that is the most we can say of it. It is too lamb-like—a lamb in a Joseph's coat of colours—and lambs are weak, if amiable. We could have done with more wolfishness in the setting of this opera, for wolves, though they are rough, and though they snarl and show their teeth, are strong and purposeful. At the performance of "Tiefland" on Wednesday the orchestra was good, and the players worked their hardest. But not all the cleverness of Miss Muriel Terry and Miss Maggie Teyte, or the earnest efforts of such singers as Coates, Austin, and Radford could give real life to the opera. Excepting Mr. Coates they hardly succeeded in conveying the impression that they believed very much in what they were singing.

REVIEWS

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN

Life and Letters of Alexander Macmillan. By C. L. Graves. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

The history of a "self-made" man, if we may use the hackneyed and somewhat distasteful adjective, is apt to possess a savour of priggishness, a rather irritating hint of base metal alloyed with the golden attributes which have given him his value in the eyes of the world, whether he be scientist, engineer, or successful business man; especially so, perhaps, in the latter case. Behind the prosperous career too often lurks a suggestion of the strong arm unscrupulously wielded, the mind a trifle disdainful of failure, the soul captured and starved in the snare of self-interest and self-glorification. No taint of such unpleasant weaknesses, however, can for a moment be associated with the subject of this sympathetic and engrossing memoir, Mr. Alexander Macmillan—"the pet publisher of the day," as J. R. Green once called him. From the time when, after wandering about the streets of Glasgow "looking for any sort of employment," he accepted "with the deepest joy" a position as usher in a school at the surprising salary of five shillings a week (on which sum he actually lived for nine months), to the happier period when he found himself by his own indefatigable perseverance at the head of one of the great publishing houses of the world, this great-hearted and generous man never seemed to know what paltriness of spirit or uncharitableness meant. The only pride he exhibited was a legitimate pride in the famous authors and workers who were in their turn proud to have him as a friend—for he came into intimate contact with the finest and purest minds of that crowded mid-century upon which we still gaze with wonder and admiration.

It is curious to note his steady progression from the year of his coming to London (1839) as an assistant in the firm of Seeley. By 1843 he was starting, in partnership with his brother Daniel, a small bookshop in Aldersgate Street; this, under the persuasion of Archdeacon Hare—who proved himself a friend in need in a most practical manner—was abandoned for a more serious attempt at a footing in Cambridge. Bookselling, by degrees, became merged in the more critical business of publishing, and

from now onward the Macmillans were in touch with all that was best in the literature of the time. Wordsworth paid several visits to the modest establishment; Todhunter, the mathematician, Barnard Smith, Westcott, Lightfoot, and Hort, George Brimley (whose luminous essays ought to be read more than they are at the present day), F. D. Maurice, J. R. Green, Matthew Arnold—these, and many other noted men, were either intimate associates of the brothers or corresponded with them affectionately. Affairs, it seems, were by no means particularly flourishing at first, for, on March 13, 1849, we find Alexander Macmillan writing: "Jenny Lind was here last night. I should have been glad to have heard her, but £1 1s. stumped me." This stage, however, did not last very long.

There are innumerable delightful touches in the letters plentifully reproduced by Mr. Graves, which depict the man himself more effectively than could columns of mere description. He had in 1859 "three glorious days with Tennyson," who "smokes like a Christian." The two boys, he says, were "beautiful fellows." From a letter to Tennyson dated October 11 in the same year we take a brief extract:

> Allow me to remind you of our dinner on November 1 at 23, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. I hope you will be able to come. We will be very quiet, but I hope they will be people whom you will like who will be with us. I would like to ask Palgrave, if I were not afraid he will think the Dickens taint too deep in us. By the way, this celebrity is coming to read his books in our town hall next week. Wouldn't that be an inducement to come and see us again? . . . I hope Mrs. Weld won't laugh at me very much if I say that I had the slightest possible *sensation* as I was crossing from Yarmouth.

To Mrs. Tennyson he writes:

> I hope the damp weather won't increase your cold. Will you think me very Gothic if I say that if the earth round your house were elastic or plastic I should like to stretch the un-treed part twenty or thirty yards, and leave a free space for air and sun? I cannot think that trees pressing close round a house are other than unwholesome. There, it is out! Will Mr. Tennyson ever forgive me?

Waiting for Kingsley on one occasion he "subsided on a gate," lit his pipe, and "enjoyed the exquisite quiet of the evening twilight." Kingsley presently arrived, took him into the house, and they feasted together on most unpoetic fare—"cold beef and cold plum pudding and beer." After that came "considerable pipes" in the author's "little den" till half-past twelve, when they retired to bed. With a young writer, who had submitted a novel which required alteration, he reasons acutely: "Your blows will be far more effective if they are given with a polished weapon." In fact, though all his life he protested that he could never produce any sound literary work on his own account, Alexander Macmillan showed himself a keen and wise critic. Of "In Memoriam" he wrote. "You really must read the whole over again half a dozen times and never mind 'Theology'; you may depend on it there will come to you wonderful meanings from it." "Let all honest thinkers think honestly," he said, "and if honestly they are impelled by *the spirit* to speak, for Heaven's sake let them." Again—and a very neat hit is this—he rebukes a somewhat morbid would-be poet by the downright assertion that "the pseudo-Byronic vein is the poorest I know." Of the outside appearance of a book he remarked to his brother: "You don't know the influence of prettiness even on sensible people." This might seem to indicate the shrewd business man, careless of what the contents of the pleasing covers should be; but such a judgment would be far enough from the truth. For Macmillan the pleasure of a book's success was enhanced a thousandfold if its theme and tendency were noble and elevating; twice in 1855 the brothers refused to publish works the tone of which was not palatable to them, although the authors were men of proven ability backed by considerable influence.

Other letters are incorporated in this fascinating volume besides those of the principal personage. Some of the most racy are from Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays." One of the most charming portions of the book is the group of pages containing the reminiscences of Dr. Sebastian Evans, who communicated his memories of Macmillan directly to the author; the account of the death of Daniel Macmillan, and its effect on the brother with whom he had always been on the closest terms of companionship and affection, is not to be read unmoved. Twenty-two years afterward, when Alexander's eldest son Malcolm met with a mysterious death on Mount Olympus, he said: "I keep on wondering what Daniel thinks of it all." He met trouble in no morbid fashion, however, for he had a faith within him which had been implanted by a mother whose daily life, as he wrote to Guizot, was "lived as in the conscious presence of God," and who seemed to him "the most perfect lady in all Scotland."

Of the extension of the business to London, and, later on, to New York, we are told in many interesting pages. In America, Alexander Macmillan met President Grant, Longfellow, Emerson, O. W. Holmes, Lowell, and other famous men, and his impressions during a tour of eight weeks led ultimately to the establishment of the branch in New York.

The most astonishing thing about this man of business—for he was essentially that—is the supreme quality and tremendous quantity of his reading. In spite of the strenuous years of working up a great connection, hampered as he was by the frequent illness of his brother, he found time day by day for the quiet hours of study which prepared him to pass sure judgment on work submitted to him. Writing to Mrs. Pott, of Baconian fame, he says: "I know the *Essays* well and all *Shakespeare* well." His comment on the evergreen controversy is capital:

> It is even possible, or even probable, that a man of the marvellous acceptivity and fertility of nature that Shakespeare must have had may have heard Bacon say things that he adopted and adapted. But surely it is wholly needless to suppose that he ever wrote a line for or with Shakespeare. The *pace* (I am writing as the Derby is being run) of the two men is so wholly unlike. Bacon scholastic, precise, even when most imaginative. Shakespeare, like our Burns, free, flowing, natural—"Warbling his native woodnotes wild," even when in his loftiest speculative moods.

With all his fine literary equipment, he was ever diffident in expressing his critical opinions, always anxious to be corroborated by someone whose taste and judgment he valued. For years he read, too, every MS. submitted to the firm, and was rarely at fault, although it is rather a matter for surprise that he did not secure Mr. Thomas Hardy's talents Mr. Hardy's first book he declined, pointing out in a genial letter its good and bad characteristics. It is a lengthy epistle, and one from which we should like to quote, but space will not permit.

To praise in set terms Mr. Graves' work would be superfluous, since his name is quite sufficient guarantee that it is well done. His task has been chiefly that of editor and commentator, and, save in the two or three instances when incidents from his personal experience can throw light on his theme, he has kept himself discreetly in the background. He presents his hero's few faults as well as his many virtues; he has resisted the temptation to give his own views when, if we mistake not, that temptation must have been very strong; and, it is pleasant to find, he never makes the obvious, irritating remark, the platitude of exclamation or eulogy with which so many inexpert biographers spoil their pages. His book was well worth the writing, apart from the personality of its subject, as giving sidelights from an unusual quarter on the literary life of the last century, and that it is worthily written we have already demonstrated. The photographs and reproductions of paintings are excellent, and the volume is one which should not be missed by any student of the period with which it deals.

"PUCK" AGAIN

Rewards and Fairies. By RUDYARD KIPLING. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

MR. KIPLING seems ever faithful to his first love, the short story, although these little studies of ancient days are not to be compared for virility and "grip" to the intensely human "Many Inventions" or the fine imaginings of "The Day's Work." They are really a continuation of the experiences of Dan and Una recounted in "Puck of Pook's Hill," and surely never before was information (sometimes, perhaps, speculation) on historical matters so cunningly disguised by a veil of faery. Puck, the amusing sprite, pops up in the most unexpected places with some puzzling companion, who turns out to be a lively ghost of olden time—possibly a smuggler, or a friend of Queen Bess, or a comrade of Sir Francis Drake; one never knows, until the stranger begins his entrancing story with the two children at his feet listening, interrupting, questioning. Mr. Kipling was always an adept at the art of creating "atmosphere" in a phrase or a couple of arresting sentences, and in this volume we find the same skill exhibited time after time; it constitutes one of his most effective and pleasant mannerisms. When the children talk to Puck, early on a magical Midsummer morning, "the bracken rustled and ticked and shook in every direction. They felt that little crowds were stealing past." When they perch themselves on the pole of the old timber-tug, hauled by a team of five immense horses, and the road climbs into the woods, "you see all the horses' backs rising, one above another, like moving stairs"—a vivid phrase which fairly sets the reader behind the team, with the wood all round him. Here, again, is the breath of a summer afternoon on the open downland of Sussex, Mr. Kipling's chosen land:—

> The air trembled a little as though it could not make up its mind whether to slide into the Pit or move across the open. But it seemed easiest to go down-hill, and the children felt one soft puff after another slip and sidle down the slope in fragrant breaths that baffed on their eyelids. The little whisper of the sea by the cliffs joined with the whisper of the wind over the grass, the hum of insects in the thyme, the ruffle and rustle of the flock below and a thickish mutter deep in the very chalk beneath them. . .
>
> They were roused by voices. The shadow had crept halfway down the steep side of Norton's Pit, and on the edge of it, his back to them, Puck sat beside a half-naked man who seemed busy at some work. The wind had dropped, and in that funnel of ground every least noise and movement reached them like whispers up a water-pipe.

Between the stories, precisely after the manner of "Actions and Re-actions," are placed little sets of verses bearing more or less on the subject of the pages immediately adjoining. Not one of them is worthy to be compared with that haunting little poem "The Recall," of the former book, but the stanzas entitled "If——" are quite in Mr. Kipling's second-best style, and we may quote the final one:—

> If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
> Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
> If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
> If all men count with you, but none too much;
> If you can fill the unforgiving minute
> With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
> Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
> And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

"The Astrologer's Song" is also prettily conceived, and the inevitable introductory poem in italics, without which Mr. Kipling's readers would probably rise in a body and protest, contains some very fine lines; but "hearth" and "path" are certainly unfortunate if, as seems proven, they were intended to rhyme.

The question which troubles us, after considering the last two or three books which Mr. Kipling has grudgingly given to the world, is one which has doubtless occurred to hundreds of his admirers: Is he ever again going to achieve really powerful work in any form whatever? We do not believe, as some have hinted, that he has exhausted his vein of gold, and we are perfectly certain that he can do better than "Actions and Re-actions," although "An Habitation Enforced" gave us glimpses of his best. Are the days of "Judson and the Empire," "The Bridge-Builders," "The Brushwood Boy," "The Finest Story in the World," "The Disturber of Traffic," and a score of other inimitable stories for ever past? Is Mr. Kipling resting on his laurels, or producing these lesser tales and fantasies in a mood of play? Only he can supply answers to these queries, and we wish he would supply them in satisfactory fashion by proving false the rumours to the effect that he has done all his best work. The fairy tales, and the Verne-like prophecies of "The Night Mail," are all very well and undeniably interesting, but they have not the old thrill, and they do not completely satisfy those who have spent many memorable hours under the spell of the earlier books; Mr. Kipling has spoiled us for them by doing so much better in the past. If only he will do better in the future—and it may be that he is secretly working on something to startle us all—we will take back our words of gentle complaint and forgive him heartily.

FICTION

SATIRE, FARCE—AND CINDERELLA.

The Creators. By MAY SINCLAIR. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

Just Between Themselves. By ANNE WARNER. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

Hearts and Coronets. By ALICE WILSON FOX. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

THE CREATORS.

THERE is no more important quality in the world than seriousness. The word, we know, has now and again got into bad hands; it has been used as a mark for outrageous dullness, for outrageous avarice, for outrageous hypocrisy. The man who is without humour (and, therefore, without grace of any kind) in his soul has called himself serious; the American millionaire would, one is certain, proclaim his seriousness; and the Puritan, with a nest of hornets in his bonnet, thinks himself of all men most serious. But the word must be rescued from these abominable uses; the truly "serious" man is the man who does his appointed task as well as he possibly can, whether the task in question be kicking a fellow-creature, compiling a Hebrew lexicon, writing a novel, driving an engine, or doing a turn at the halls. The serious man, in fact, is a synonym for the honest man as opposed to the "rotter"; and the truly serious man is known by this mark—that having done his work he holds his tongue about it.

Seriousness, then, is an admirable, an indispensable quality; but it is mocked by the unseemly ape called Portentousness; and Miss May Sinclair has done well to direct the brilliant satire of her last novel against this vile imitation of a fine thing. She may help many of her readers to distinguish between oil of vitriol and the authentic unctions of Syon. "The Creators" is a carefully drawn and carefully composed picture of a little group of little literary people; and after reading about them one understands the story of the gentleman who disappeared for three whole weeks from his London haunts. He explained afterwards that he had lunched with Blank and Mrs. Dash, eminent "creators" of their day, and had fled forthwith to some cousins in the Isle of Wight who had family prayers twice a day, and went to bed at ten! The Blanks and Dashes of this tale are George Tanqueray and

Jane Holland, in the first place—both of them novelists. When they called on a friend in the country, the said friend

> Went to and fro, carrying himself humbly yet with triumph, like one aware that he entertained immortal guests. He couldn't get over it, he said, their dropping in on him like this, with a divine precipitance, out of their blue. Heavens! supposing he had been out!

And, on the same afternoon, an editor and a lady journalist look in to tea; and the host escorts them into his room "all glowing and quivering." Besides the two major novelists there is Nina Lempriere, and, as Jane Holland said, "there's more fire in Nina Lempriere's little finger than in my whole body." Miss Lempriere, in addition to fire, possessed a beast in her blood. The host, Nicky, was dowered with "dreadful lucidity" and "exquisite delicacy," and when the immortal Tanqueray married his landlady's niece (a charming girl), Nicky said that it was "the most unpredestined, the most horribly fantastically fortuitous occurrence." On another occasion Nicky's soul "smiled to itself all invisibly." It is understood from the beginning that the chief desire of the Creators—otherwise the two novelists—is to escape from popularity and the "dreadful people, these dreadful, clever, and little people." They are ascetics of genius, their gift (of novel-writing) is spoken of as "the jealous god." When one of them is about to bring out a new six-shilling novel the earth trembles with anticipation, they grow pale, as it were, in contemplating their own tremendous powers (for writing six-shilling novels). And yet the immortal Tanqueray feels that "the American [agent] meant business," and that "it would be madness not to see him, even though he should miss Jinny." One is sorry for that agent. As for Miss Lempriere, who had "fire" and wrote short stories, she set her heart on Tanqueray and then her cap at a Welsh poet. Failing in each adventure, she tells her friends that the jealous god (of short stories and sketches in volume form) demands virginity. It is almost trite to say that the sacrament of marriage is but little regarded by these people. Tanqueray abuses his poor little wife before their friends, neglects her shamefully, thinks of her as "a parasite," and tells Jane Holland that Rose should have married "some reputable young draper." As for Jane, she goes off to Dartmoor on three months' leave from her husband to satisfy the jealous god—by writing another six-shilling novel. For Jane could not look after her husband, her house, and her children, and "create"; and one thinks of that awful and desolate Yorkshire parsonage, of the tragic sisters, of the melancholy and violent father, of the brother perishing of drink and drugs and disgrace—and of Charlotte Brontë stealing out into the kitchen in the middle of a chapter to remove the "eyes" that poor old blind Tabby had left in the potatoes.

It would be impossible to praise Miss Sinclair's work too highly. She never once gives her preposterous characters away; she never hints that she sees through their intolerable pretensions and their unutterable silliness. Even George Tanqueray, cad and blackguard and "bounder" and bore, with one eye on the jealous god, the other on his neighbour's wife, and his whole soul rapt by "American rights," is suffered to play his part without interruption. And here is the author's secret; she does not talk of these people, she lets them talk for themselves; and they stand self-convicted of bottomless vacuity and ineffable conceit.

Just Between Themselves.

Miss Warner's humour is lighter, but no less excellent than Miss Sinclair's. "Just Between Themselves" is a solemn fantasy of six queer Americans living in a queer little hotel on the border of the Harz Mountains. The party must have been quite terrible to live with; but the history of their small adventures and misadventures and cross-purposes makes delightful reading. There is a married couple who are incurably selfish and inconsiderate—the lady is a man-hunter and mischief-maker as well—there are the elder people with the irrepressible Bobby; and the "juvenile" and the "ingénue" who get engaged after many difficulties and an infinite deal of interruptions—from rabbits. Chiefly one admires the quite exquisite art of the mischief-making Mrs. Ellerslie in saying disagreeable things. Thus, in the course of a walk she complains that her heel is blistering:

> "Can't you do something for it?" the man asked placidly. He didn't believe her—or her heel—or her blister.
> "You heartless creature. You know, really, I'm not surprised at the way Lizzie does her hair. I wouldn't bother about my looks any more than she does, if I were your wife. . . ."
> "Why, there are your bedroom slippers up on top of the wardrobe," Mrs. Ellerslie exclaimed suddenly; "I'd entirely forgotten taking them that day I mislaid mine. Frank thought they must be the cook's and threw them up there. . . . And here's your bottle of ammonia; we've used all the ammonia, but it says what ammonia is in German on the bottle, so you'll have no difficulty getting more. . . ."
> "Put on my slippers . . . oh, I gave Lizzie back hers. She didn't even have sense to blush with shame as she took them. Such slippers; sixes, I'm sure."

It is quite a delicious little comedy of futile spite over scanty hair and large slippers and such things that Mrs. Ellerslie furnishes. But, indeed, all the characters are "good." Bobby mixes his interminable inquiries after his donkey-cart with questions which cover his father with confusion:

> "Papa," said Bobby, "do you really wish Mrs. Ellerslie was mamma? . . . when we sit down Mrs. Ellerslie always says, 'Keep to your own tree,' just like Pussy-in-the-Corner."
> Mrs. Dunn glanced at her husband.

And perhaps the best thing of all in this excellent farce is the manner in which the sheer idiocy of the young lovers is rendered. It is a book to place beside the immortal "Rudder Grange," that masterpiece of serious absurdity.

Hearts and Coronets.

"Hearts and Coronets" is a simple tale written on a very old theme. By the intervention of a snowstorm, Audrey, who came from a very unpleasant home in Brixton, finds herself a welcome guest in the magnificent country house of Lord Heversham, surrounded for a while with every splendour and luxury that the hater of Brixton and oleographs and greasy bacon could desire. Audrey was "kept down" at home by her vulgar relations; at Dorincourt Castle she is made much of by old and young; and she rescues one of the little Hevershams from death by drowning. And finally—well, we cannot imagine the story of Cinderella ending up with Cinderella still amongst her ashes. The little tale is prettily told, but it is more a "book for girls" than a novel.

PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM DECADENT.

The Missing Delora. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illustrated. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

We can cordially congratulate the publishers on the manner in which this book is got up. The binding, the paper, the type and the illustrations in colour are excellent. With those few words praise must cease. Mr. Oppenheim, who has written so many good and interesting novels, is here seen at his worst. The plot deals with a gentleman who keeps in hiding for no apparent reason during some two hundred pages of the book. The hero, the brother and heir of a peer, is a most inquisitive person, and can best be described as a perpetual interrogation. The heroine, who is in constant telephonic communication with the missing man, who is her uncle, as she mentions about two thousand times in the course of the book, is under the domination of a person who is described by the hero as a head waiter. This person is also a rogue of the first quality; he is also a frequent comrade and confidant of the hero-heir to a peerage. This gentleman accepts an invitation to sup at the Café des Deux Epingles with the head waiter, and having supped there with him, perhaps

not wisely but too well, proceeds to commit a serious assault upon another habitué of the restaurant. The Café appears to be governed by a society of rascals who form amongst themselves a sort of Vehmgericht, and execute judgment upon any visitor there who transgresses their code of manners and their morals. Hence the Honourable Captain is visited by two members of the secret court, and after an explanation that he was executing justice upon a person who had done a grievous wrong to his invalid brother, is acquitted, or rather reprieved, because there is every intention of holding what is at one time described as an offence and at another time as an act of justice as a rod in pickle over the gallant Captain. The person to hold the rod is Monsieur Louis, the head waiter and host at the supper. The rest of the story is pretty easy. The Captain, when he ceases for one moment asking questions and poking his nose into matters with which he has no earthly concern, is always under the orders of the head waiter. The missing man, Mr. Delora, is constantly being found in the company of the Chinese Ambassador, who is always attired in full official attire. Both are associates of the head waiter. Mr. Delora and the Chinese Ambassador appear to be engaged in a nefarious scheme for the purchase of two warships which are being built on the Tyne for the Brazilian Government. Mr. Delora, who is impersonating a brother whom he has poisoned in Paris, has in view a very nice commission amounting to some hundred thousand pounds if he succeeds in carrying through his unclean bargain. The Captain, or as the heroine persists in calling him, "Capitaine," although on other occasions she speaks English—or at all events Oppenheim English—falls in love with Mr. Delora's niece, the heroine aforesaid. The love episode for a long time leads nowhither, owing to the opposition of the lady's uncle and the head waiter. The tableau comes, however, at last, and let us hope married bliss comes with it. Mr. Delora is shot by the head waiter, who decamps with the ill-gotten commission. The book is written in wretched English. Although Mr. Oppenheim has been previously warned by us he continues to make his characters "rise to their feet," "shrug their shoulders," and "nod," and "go white to the lips." He has even introduced a little improvement in the "nodding." The Captain exclaims "I nodded a little bitterly, perhaps." We are endeavouring to practise the bitter nod, but we are not yet making any progress in the art.

On page 67 the heroine complains of the standard of manners of the hero, remarking, "Englishmen, I was told, behaved better." On page 69 she makes the enquiry of him "You are an Englishman?" and receives the expected reply, being much surprised at the fact of which she was perfectly well aware on page 67. Another passage, "The girl's eyes blazed, even in that dim light I could see the dark blue fire in them." Again, Louis, the head waiter, "showed his teeth, but it was with the razor edge of civility." The gallant captain, the hero, who expresses so much surprise that a young lady of the position of Miss Delora the heroine should be so frequently in the society of the head waiter, thus addresses the head waiter himself: "My brother told me that he had just received a cable from Dicky concerning Mr. Delora"—a fairly familiar way of describing his brother, the Honourable Richard Rotherby, to a person in the position of a head waiter. It is all very silly, and very tedious.

A STUDY IN CONTRASTS.

Love and Bissaker. By Wilfrid L. Randell. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

Bissaker was a son of the Industrial North. We see him first standing in "the black entrance" of a warehouse.

> A few minutes previously the prevalent hum had declined in an uncanny diminuendo; shadows of whirling wheels, thrown by flaring gas-jets upon opaque, iron-barred squares of murky glass fronting the narrow pavement, had ceased spinning; deep-throated, muscular men, youths sallow but strong, tousled, hard-handed girls, had filled the roadway, pressing homeward, and now, in the hush, the gruff, stertorous yap of a gas-engine still at work became curiously audible. . . Silhouetted against the pale east, a railway bridge that spanned the ravine of houses some distance along loomed colossal and authoritative, and one red signal eye scowled sideways down at the street, winking to an amber for a minute as a sudden clamour of shunted trucks reverberated harshly between the dun walls.

So much for the world of exterior things—practically the world of Dickens's Coketown, the city of the melancholy elephants: even more dreadful were the spiritual aspects that surrounded this unfortunate lad. The old Bissakers were devoted adherents of the sect of Primitive Independents, who held the love of beauty to be a snare, and a stage-play as Satan's invisible world discovered. When Hubert Bissaker remarked on the sunset effects, "It's wonderful what the sunlight does with a row of dirty factories," Mrs. Bissaker began unctuously: "When the sunlight of the Word shines in upon our hearts . . ." And it is from this region of horrors of body and horrors of spirit that the young clerk is transported to the freedom of London life, to a little circle of cheerful Bohemians—artists, authors, journalists—whose chief characteristic, on the surface at any rate, is a persistent unseriousness, an unquenchable gaiety.

Thus the author has secured for his book the great charm of a thorough and deep-reaching contrast. The black horror of that northern Gehenna is set against the illumined avenues of London; the obtrusive heresies and gloomy unctions and bitter words of the Primitive Independents are answered by the cheery chorus of the Bohemians; and Lilian Fairborn, who kissed "with deficulty," and did not joke at all, is opposed by Muriel Merrilow, who was . . . well, not a Puritan. It is a thoroughly clever and effective story, well imagined, and well worked out; and perhaps the best of its characters is the episodic Madeleine Strachan, a passionate and convincing figure.

But Mr. Randell has done more than write a good tale. Intentionally or unintentionally, he has described for us the two mortal wounds of our modern life—Industrialism and Puritanism; the wound of the body and the wound of the spirit. What can we expect of people in the mass when they live amidst these black warehouses and whirling wheels, their eyes offended by hideous sights, their ears deafened with more hideous sounds, their souls and bodies devoted to the service of machinery? The theatre, the art-school, the picture-gallery, the concert-hall; what can these be but palliatives, opiates at the best, deadening the pains of existence for an hour or two, but leaving the patient still sick unto death? And then, again: as if these material horrors were not enough, the unfortunate race of machine-slaves have presented to them a body of doctrine which is thinly disguised Manicheeism, proceeding on the assumptions that Beauty of every kind is the work of the Devil, and that a morose spirit is most pleasing to the Almighty. Who can be surprised, when body and mind and soul are drenched with such venoms as these, that joy has departed from life; that many endeavour to supply the void with bad whisky; that the crafts—the tokens and results of a man's delight in his work—have become extinct; that, finally, the whole world of manual—that is, machine—labour is in a ferment of glowering discontent, ready almost for revolution and blind destruction? The men think they are quarrelling about wages and hours of employment; they are in reality quarrelling because the factory and the Primitive Independent Meeting House have united to make their lives intolerable.

Hubert Bissaker in the story contrives to flee from this Sodom by the way of love and the way of the arts; unfortunately very few of the victims can escape by either of these methods, or, indeed, by any method whatsoever: hence the gloom of the outlook, hence the danger to England.

The Race Before Us. GUY THORNE. (F. V. White and Co., Ltd. 6s.)

THIS is not, as might be supposed from a cursory inspection of the title, a treatise concerning prehistoric man, but a series of disquisitions, strung together by the loosest possible plot, upon a text chosen from the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. The author of "When it was Dark" through the mouths of several of his characters here sets forth, very persuasively, it must be conceded, his views upon the moral aspects of sport. Those who are not in accord with the present-day orthodox school of so-called "sportsmen" will find the doctrines and practice of that school rigorously and ably criticised in these pages. The book scarcely pretends to be anything more than a series of sketches, as already mentioned, and throughout there is a complete and annoying absence of half-tones. Both characters and background are painted in strong, harsh colours. One feels instinctively as one reads that these are not beings of flesh and blood at all, but types: more's the pity, for there was no need to disfigure in this manner what might otherwise have been a fine canvas. The scenes in which these typical forms live and move are best described by the word lurid. In a melodrama figures and scenes alike would be thoroughly in harmony. In this book they strike a discord from the first page. The author is most conscientious in his detail work, but thereby naturally lays himself open to the criticism of those who know all about such things. And, all said and done, is a novel a fit medium for the promulgation of fresh views upon such a topic as sport? The author would, we think, be doing better work by making his views known through a less transitory medium.

THE THEATRE

"THE BISHOP'S SON."

WITH all the enthusiasm of a Columbus we refer again and again to our discovery that the British public is intelligent. It is not often that pioneers are able at once to bring forward corroborative evidence. We have been luckier than most in this way in that we can point, more in sorrow than in anger, to the corpses of the plays which were altogether beneath the notice of an intelligent public. Among these lies "The Eternal Question," which was not murdered by the critics, but died peacefully of some quite infantile complaint, such as thrush or whooping cough. According to its parent, it was not so much a baby as a miracle, not so much a play as a divine message. The Homeric laughter with which it was received, and which was kept alive by the aftermath in the *Daily Telegraph*, still lingered in the air when, for many ingenious and transparent reasons, it was whipped away to make room for an even more epoch-making work, entitled "The Bishop's Son." The long preliminary blasts, the amazing journalistic bombast, in which Hall was piled upon Caine, appeared as before. A printed copy of the play was sent to the editors of all the papers, in which there was placed a long typewritten letter from the dramatist. Written in the English of the Isle of Man, this wonderful epistle contained the following paragraph: "I could wish to tell you that the statement made in many newspapers that it ('The Bishop's Son') is a revised version, and, therefore, a kind of revival of my earlier play called 'Ben-my-chree,' is entirely without foundation."

It is almost beyond us to state in orthodox English precisely what we think of "The Bishop's Son." Its plot is wrapped up in absurdities. Its so-called great moments are rendered ludicrous by an absolute unreality. The characterisation is superficial and child-like, and the whole thing is poisoned by sham philosophy and false dogmatism. If the thing had been put into the hands of such expert melodramatists as the brothers Melville it might have been made the sort of play which occupies the boards of third-rate provincial towns. It is more and more evident that although Mr. Hall Caine has long since outdone the late Mr. Barnum as a showman, he has no knowledge whatever of how to write a play or how to run a theatre. Curiously enough, the theatre cannot be run as circuses are run. London playgoers who would enter a tent erected in a field outside which stands a stentorian person with a big drum are very shy of a metropolitan place of entertainment run on similar lines. "The Eternal Question" failed to attract. "The Bishop's Son" has drawn to the Garrick Theatre only those people who possess that form of curiosity which makes them gaze at freaks and peer through the legs of a crowd at an accident. In plain English, Mr. Hall Caine had better retire from the stage. London is either too large or too small to contain him. To use his own curious expression, we could wish merely to have recorded the fact that he wrote and produced "The Eternal Question" and "The Bishop's Son" in quick succession, and turned to pleasanter subjects.

We are, however, very much interested in the drama. As playgoers, we desire to see the London stage in a stronger and more healthy condition. We feel it to be something of a duty, then, to deal honestly and frankly with the plays produced and the methods resorted to by the managers. So long as we are asked to support the egregious importations from America, futile adaptations from the French, and the work of Mr. Hall Caine, we shall continue to record our views and the views of all intelligent people conscientiously and without prejudice. That it is evident that these views of ours are held by the great body of playgoers is proved by the fact that all the inane productions of this season have failed ignominiously with the one exception of "King Henry VIII.," which, strangely enough, has succeeded. The managers who have produced these things and who refused the one really excellent play of the season must be chewing the cud of bitterness. It is, we are afraid, too much to hope that existing managers will learn a lesson. They are too hide-bound in the conventions created by themselves. The existing managers are, however, not likely to remain in power very much longer. The sun is setting upon them, and it cannot be long before their places are taken by educated men who have common sense and enthusiasm and a knowledge of what the public wants.

WALTER HEADLAM

BESIDES a multitude of friends at Cambridge and admirers on the Continent, there are others who are beginning to realise the irredeemable gap which the sudden death of Walter Headlam tore in the ranks of British scholarship, by which the most perfect craftsman in the art of Greek criticism was cut off even as he perfected the instruments of his labour. The choicest scholars abroad recognised the tragedy, but at home his death was passed over with much the same silence with which the first fruits of his labour had been received. Of Headlam's book of verse it need only be said that nine scholars out of ten might easily be misled into taking most of his translations into Greek for newly excavated classics. In the memoir which serves as an introduction to his English poems, his friends will find a souvenir that time cannot easily wear away of that personality, so brilliant, so lovable, so whimsical, so boyish, so pathetic. Likewise live the nightingales, for them death cannot take. Fragments of conversations are there, and flashes, inspirations, and remarks of the moment, but it is sad to think how much has been forgotten and how much fragrance can perish in two years. There must be many pupils who look back with gratitude to some moment in Headlam's all-too-short career of seventeen years, when the true value of colour, or poetry, or Beethoven was pointed out to them for the first time. During these

years he held the nominal position of lecturer in the college, but owing to his conscientious inability to address an audience herded together at a stated hour, and that before noon, he had long ceased to hold forth from a desk, preferring to be visited during the long winter evenings by small coteries of interested men, who went to professors of standing for their lectures, but to Headlam for their Greek—a distinction which always pleased him intensely.

Whether it was Pindar or Æschylus or Herodas, Headlam would stand before the fire construing without a text, while his listeners sat on such islands or peninsulas as the opened and half-opened literature in the room permitted. For a while he might declaim Greek as exquisitely as he wrote it, but as each point that marked one of his discoveries was reached, he broke off into further and fascinating inquiries, refreshed from time to time by a visit to the gloom of the inner room, where he would remain absorbed for a few minutes in some abstruse commentator, to return and, sinking into a chair, to write rapidly over his half obliterated text, balancing it on one knee while with his pen he made running shots at the inkpot swaying upon the other. Sometimes several hours elapsed during which only a similar number of lines were translated, but meanwhile he communicated things not to be found in books, things unknown to the pedantic, and the learned and the professed.

Of irony, of paraprosdokeia and of euphemism his conversation supplied endless but ephemeral examples. There was an amusing phrase frequently on his lips when he dealt with the common tribe of modern emendators—"The man doesn't know Greek." But, according to his canons, there were piteously few who did. No better gauge of his qualifications can be adduced than the boast he sometimes uttered that he was able to make ten corrections or additions to every page of Liddell and Scott in its bulkiest form. Once he communicated a few corrected pages to the editors of that sapient book with the very legitimate hint that he might be included as a revisor. But his ardour was rather damped when he received a formal receipt of thanks coupled with a request to send on any other suggestions that might occur to him. "But the whole thing is wrong," was Headlam's astonished comment. Another of his euphemisms was his own affected ignorance of Latin, and he insisted always on referring a Latin quotation to a pupil for translation. The truth being that he probably knew Latin as most scholars know Greek. Tree-cutting, cricket, children's tea-parties, and race-horses were included in his enthusiasms. Sometimes he would break off from a Pindaric ode to discuss the beauties of Pretty Polly, the sight of which, together with Dan Leno, Tangiers, and Faust, summarised his earthly ambition. His half-affected simplicity, combined with the preternatural knowledge that lay in the background, made fine play. In the most naive terms he was wont to translate ancient mythologies into the style of modern theology, but so appositely that even the most orthodox were bound to smile. His own views were of the breadth which seeks similarities rather than differences in religion. The Bible he knew and appreciated, for all bringers of light and life were dear to him, both gods and goddesses, but especially Pallas Athene.

His discourse was filled with modest off-hand references to his own discoveries in the realm of Greek metre, emphasis, religion, drama, which he alluded to with the amused sadness of the only person who had taken the trouble to investigate such-and-such a point—the same discoveries with which he had first illumined the *Classical Review*, and of which he hinted such wonderful development in his application for the Greek Chair in 1905. Freely he gave of the fruits of his long and toilsome studies to any who would take the trouble to share his own enthusiasm. But his harvesting was made particularly laborious by the extraordinary scrupulousness which led him to read through Greek literature as a preparation to editing Herodas. The years slipped by, and the thesaurus he had collected instead of being published remained unprinted because it had not approached perfection; meantime there appeared many inferior editions. From his youth up he had little pity on people who worked from less vigorous principles than himself, and Nairn fell under the same scornful flail which he had previously used against Verrall on the subject of editing Æschylus. It became a recognised procedure with men reading Herodas to read out with due simplicity such notes as suffered from not being originally Headlam's, upon which he would inquire with apparent innocency the name of the author, and, on being gravely informed of his name and academic distinctions, would fall into the peals of chuckling laughter with which he so often avenged himself upon the unkindnesses of life, or burst into a flow of brilliant explanations, which only came to an end when one of the party remembered it was time for Hall. Times and seasons he remembered not, being entirely reliant for his knowledge of the fixed feast of Christmas by the studied attention of a friend who visited him about that date. He was ready to correct exercises at most hours in the morning, but woe to the conscientious student who showed them up according to college custom on the previous night. In the morning they were not to be found. "I'm afraid no paper that was ever shown up in this room has ever been seen again," he would say, with a sad smile.

Grammarians unheard-of he mastered, commentators unknown he appreciated, and he even became proficient in the *argot* of the scholiasts. The world heard of his conclusions by leaps and starts; it was only in Headlam's last years that his stream of information became at all regular. Of the raptured audience who listened to his treatment of the great chorus he had chosen from the Agamemnon to contest the Greek chair few can have realised that it was the first and the last time that he was being allowed to speak to his university. Then he returned to his solitude—the solitude of having grasped much that was not revealed to his learned contemporaries, even in dreams. It is possible that he was on the brink of a more fruitful career than any since Porson's. His activities redoubled. The burglar whom he had long felt menaced his interleaved Æschylus came, but carried away the Bursar's trousers instead. A successful cure abroad removed the last trace of an imaginary disease. The May term left him in the flush of athletic and social enjoyments. Then it was all over, without illness, without warning. For many years past he had been in the habit of announcing his approximate decease with careless solemnity, sometimes overcoming the reluctance of his friends to accept the tidings by quoting symptoms from Quain's medical dictionary, a volume which was finally confiscated by a committee of pupils. He had a Greek's instinctive horror of death, and he had always expected the blind and speechless enemy of light and colour and life to come suddenly and remorselessly, for he would often point to the unfinished Æschylus, and say, "They'll find it all ready when I am dead." He had taken the precaution of dedicating the work to Swinburne in earlier years, and it was found perfect when he left it.

THE KOREAN TIGER

It was some seventeen centuries ago, if we are to believe their legendary history as preserved in the "Kojiki," or "Book of Ancient Traditions," that the Japanese first successfully raided Korea, and since that time they have on several occasions attempted to take forcible possession of the whole peninsula. At last their efforts have been rewarded, and, thanks to a peaceful annexation ratified by treaty, the ancient Hermit Kingdom will henceforth be known as Cho Sen, a province or colony of the Land of the Rising Sun. Strangely enough, the Japanese have a proverb, "The fox borrowed the tiger's power," which very possibly has its origin in one of their early invasions of Korean territory, as the tiger was unknown to them before

they encountered it in that country, though the fox figures in the most characteristic of their ancient superstitions, and from olden times Korea has been known to Japanese children only as a land of tigers. During many centuries —indeed, down to the year 1873—the Imperial Court looked upon the peninsula as an outlying vassal state, the frequent military movements across the sea being termed "frontier service." To the soldier of old Japan the "marshal's baton carried in his knapsack" was a tiger-skin scabbard, then the emblem and possession of high military rank; and especially was it honourable to wear it if captured with one's own hands. Though occasionally a man-at-arms was chewed up or clawed into ribbons, scores of glossy skins were carried home to Nan Sen Bu Shiu, the Southern Country of Brave Warriors, as the Japanese then delighted to call their native land.

As the white elephant is with Siam, so the tiger has been for innumerable centuries the one royal quadruped associated with Korea, where, both actually and ideally, he is regarded as the archetype of strength and courage, of power and fierceness. Unlike his relative in India, however, who roams the damp hot jungle, the Korean "King of the Mountains" frequents from preference, not the warm valleys, but the dry cold, snow-clad and forest-begirt highlands of the more northern parts of the peninsula. In appearance he is very much the same as the so-called Bengal tiger, except that he is a trifle smaller, and that, to suit his condition, his hair has lengthened and become more woolly; the orange tint, too, is far less predominant, white taking its place, though the black bars are of equal magnificence with the tropical product. The Koreans have always idealised the tiger, and gifted him with powers supernatural and supra-animal, almost as many in number as those with which the Japanese have endowed the white fox. His name is a household word most highly honoured, which commands not only the dread but also the admiration of the people; for popular superstition attributes to him the powers of flying, of emitting fire, and of hurling lightning, in addition to all the mighty forces and characteristics of which he is actually possessed. To the natives he is the symbol of power and ubiquity, the standard of comparison with all dangers and dreadful forces, and the paragon of human courage. From the most ancient times he has been an object of religious reverence with them. "They also worshipped the tiger, which they looked on as a god," was written of these people before the Christian era; and to this day he remains the tutelary genius of the descendants of his aboriginal worshippers, who even yet cling to some extent to the religion of the soil.

Among the Koreans the universal craving for the supernatural finds expression in their belief in evil spirits; and one of the most ingenious of these spirits is undoubtedly "The Purveyor to Tigers Spirit," who frequents the mountains because the tiger himself does. After a tiger has eaten a man, he makes use of the soul of the devoured as a means to provide himself with another meal; for, having assimilated the body, he also for a time owns the soul. So he sends the latter out to loiter on the mountain paths until it falls in with some man who chances to pass that way, whom, by subtle mental spells, it lures off the beaten track into the thickets. The man suddenly feels thirsty, and imagines that he hears the ripple of a stream; or he feels tired and fancies he espies a tempting spot amidst the trees where he may lie down and rest. He wanders away into the unfrequented woods, and is surprised, killed, and eaten by the tiger; whereupon the soul of the first victim is released from its bondage, and the soul of the second takes its place. The number of human beings destroyed by these whiskered man-eaters is so great as at times to depopulate certain districts, for a hungry tiger will often enter a village and, making his way through the thatched roof of a dwelling, proceed to take his pick of the startled occupants. At Gensan, when that port was originally opened to Japanese traders, the merchants from Tokyo had their first New Year's festivities in the strange land rather unpleasantly enlivened by the advent of several of these striped monsters, who promenaded the settlement at night, and seemed highly desirous of tasting a foreigner after having already feasted on several natives. Indeed, a Korean tiger some ten feet long can comfortably stow away a couple of five-feet Japanese without grievous symptoms of indigestion. Whenever a tiger caused great ravages in a district, the local magistrate would call together all the professional hunters and organise a hunt in the mountains. In such cases the chase was usually without the desired result, for, the skin being considered the property of the Government, most of the recognised tiger-slayers preferred to meet the royal game alone, when, if they succeeded in killing it, they were able to dispose secretly of the prized pelt to their own advantage. These hunters eat the meat of the beast, while the bones stripped and boiled make various medicines. The hardy mountaineer can put no more eloquent proof of his valour into the hand of his bride than a claw of the dreaded man-eater. On the floors of the better class of Korean houses the tiger-skin rug not only adorns the reception-room, but makes also the children's playground and the baby's cushion.

Some idea of the great numbers and awful ravages of these beasts in the northern provinces of the peninsula may be gained from the common saying of the Chinese that "the Koreans hunt the tiger during one half of the year and the tigers hunt the Koreans during the other half." To which the latter retort with the proverb born of the desolation that has so often followed the presence of a Chinese army on their soil, whether as invaders or allies, "After the Chinese the tigers." So common is the disappearance of a villager through the visitations of the tiger that the usual method of escaping creditors or processes of law is to leave torn pieces of one's clothing in the forest, and then discreetly vanish from the neighbourhood. Obliging friends or relatives quickly report "devoured by a tiger," and there the matter generally ends. Many of the national proverbs illustrate the amount of attention the tiger receives in daily life, and more often than not he serves to point the morals and adorn the tales told around Korean hearths. "A wooden tiger" is the ass in the lion's skin; "a broken-backed tiger" describes impotent and raging malice; "to give wings to a tiger" is to add shrewdness to force; "a tiger's repast" typifies excess in eating; "to nourish a tiger and have him devour you" depicts ingratitude; over-cautious people, "in avoiding a deer, meet a tiger"; while men of irascible temper or violent disposition are given a nickname which means an unusually ferocious feline man-eater. Special terms suggestive, and even poetical, for the murders, calamities, or ravages of the beast, for traps or pitfalls, for the skin, tail (used for banners and spear-sheaths), beard, moustaches, nocturnal caterwauling, and even for lashing the tail, enrich and vivify the Korean vocabulary.

The caps of the bodyguard of the sovereign were for many years decorated with the cheek and whiskers of the tiger in order to inspire terror among beholders, and the animal was painted or embroidered on the Korean war flags in every conceivable posture—asleep, leaping, erect, rampant, couchant, winged, and holding red fire in his forepaws; while on works of art, boxes, cabinets, and weapons he has been most frequently portrayed. The Korean tiger-hunters have always been noted for their great courage, especially when called upon to defend their country. In 1866 they completely defeated a party of over-confident French troops sent to storm a position they were holding; and, though vanquished by the marines and sailors of the American expedition of 1871, yet they almost died to a man in their defence of Fort McKee, as they "chanted their war-dirge in a blood-chilling cadence which nothing can duplicate," according to the description given by an eye-witness of the scene. Their huge yellow cotton flag, captured on this occasion, bore the representation of a winged tiger rampant, spitting fire, and holding the lightnings in his lifted fore-claws, thereby embodying the powers of air, earth, and heaven.

"BOOK-LEAVES AND BOOK-LOVERS"

THE subject of the fit length of novels has lately been attracting some attention; and, after having read the complete discussion, we feel rather like worthy old Omar Khayyám, who heard great argument, yet evermore came out by that same door as in he went. Mr. H. G. Wells, approached on the subject, dismissed it contemptuously: as well might one seek to decree the fit size of a picture, said he. Whereupon another critic retorted that such airy dismissal was nothing germane to the subject; what would happen if artists took to attempting pictures the size of houses? Mr. Wells might claim, said this critic, that every novel demanded its own proper treatment, and therefore had its own laws, but the reading public did not propose to let any and every novelist stipulate what length his novels should take apart from the interest of his readers. And so the theme was bandied to and fro. Like most such arguments, all those who participated in it were right, from their own standpoint. They were only wrong in proceeding on the bland assumption that their point of view naturally excluded the other. Mr. James Douglas said the wisest word in the whole discussion when he demanded that the only requisite was that no book be a bore; that it mattered little if a bore were long or short, the objection not being to length nor shortness, but to boredom. The closing note was as it should be, for it concluded on a *jeu de mot*. Another critic retorted that a bore should inevitably be "cut short."

But despite such dismissal, the subject is vitally interesting. In fact, it would have received careful attention long ere this in proper artistic criticism except for the sudden growth of that meretricious and abnormal thing that may be called the commercial novel. The novel is quite a new art-form in literature; and, owing largely to its sudden growth and popularity, it, as a form, has received very little attention. When one considers "The Scarlet Letter" on the one hand, and "Les Misérables" on the other; or, within the limits of one nation, Tolstoy on the one hand, and Turgeniev on the other, it becomes a subject of more than ordinary interest to know exactly, as an art-form, what the novel is. Moreover, the question has become further obscured by the presence of the short story, which, while out of favour with us, in countries such as France and America has its own place and importance, which place and importance deserve close contrast with the function of its more capacious relative.

As we have said, the commercial novel has obscured the issue. The growth of a literature which, not being an art, has no internal laws, has caused the formulation of external laws for its regulation, which external laws have received the arbitrary shape they display from the commercial necessities of publishers' houses and circulating libraries. These agencies demand something between eighty thousand and a hundred thousand words. Moreover, although they allow a certain laxity, they are arbitrary enough in enforcement of their demands when they conceive that occasion calls for it. This occurred when the libraries refused to handle Mr. William de Morgan's "It Never Can Happen Again," as it was in two volumes, too lengthy, and—probably the most emphatic reason of all—too expensive as a novel. It is worthy of comment that they have not yet refused certain novels we could name which were but little more than short stories eked out by large margins and substantial printings, in which, indeed, the print trickled down the middle of the page like some rivers at low tide, and in which the paper was all too suspiciously puffy.

Setting aside this obscurity, however—and the subject of the obscurity, whose name is legion—with its formal regularity, a mass of material is faced, all employed under the name of novel, yet presenting as much variety as can well be imagined. Tolstoy and Turgeniev have been mentioned, as also Hawthorne and Hugo, as expressing the limits of length one side or the other. Yet it must be admitted that, among novels that have won their place as classics, it is rather those inclining towards the Tolstoyan or Hugoesque end of the pole that predominate in numbers. What an imposing array of prodigiously long novels could be set out! "Tom Jones," "Clarissa," "Wilhelm Meister," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Pickwick," "David Copperfield," "Vanity Fair," "Les Misérables," "War and Peace," "Middlemarch," are some of them. Balzac, not content with writing individual novels, set each of his separate works as fragments of a truly colossal scheme, for which he found one comprehensive title.

Nevertheless, while this is so, it is yet true that the artistic tendency has been, and is, to escape from this wider range and scheme. We find ourselves passing down through Meredith to Hardy. And we cannot help feeling that this instinct is right. The earlier length we often feel to be the vigour of a youthful art-form. Youth, and artistic youth is no exception, demands the freedom of large spaces. The early English novels were all long. The novel was not taken kindly to in France—length has small opportunity in any nation of a tendency naturally critical—yet when it was adopted it immediately ran to length. When art became conscious in Russia, the novel was at once adopted as its fittest national outlet, and the first thing that marked it was its prolixity and vast space. Indeed, a little thought shows the fitness of this. For the novel is the most entertaining and least wearying of art-forms, and therefore it is the one most apt to be taken advantage of. It is the form that is least hostile, internally, to adventitious intrusions, and therefore the one that most invites a discursive treatment.

The tendency, however, is away from this; and that this tendency is healthy is obvious. Take the example of Tolstoy. How many readers retain a single impression of "War and Peace"? And yet, since it purports to be a single piece of work, it must succeed in creating a single impression, or fail in its avowed object—in other words, fail in its artistic intention. In "Anna Karénina" the impression has far more of unity, owing to poor Anna's devious fortunes running like a dark thread through its texture to a scarlet knot in her fateful destiny. Yet, even here, the mind only achieves unity by dispelling from memory many of the side-figures and adventitious episodes; and the mind is instinct with the suggestion that the work would therefore have gained inevitably had the author dismissed many of them from the scheme of his work even as we find it necessary to dispel them from our memories. Or, to turn to Dickens, how much would he not have gained had he cultivated the art of compression? One incidental and significant benefit would have resulted; and that is, he would have succeeded in achieving style, the absence of which is such a fault in his work. Another gain would probably have been his, too, for the shorter measures would have stript him of much of his sentimentality. And to discover that these are no fanciful ideas, contrast his "Tale of Two Cities" with "Dombey and Son." But above all, he would have attained "form," and therefore the memory would retain more single impressions of his works. The essence of any art is "form." So with Thackeray. With all their excellence and subtle satire, of which of his works does the mind retain the truer impression, and which does the memory turn to with more affection, "Henry Esmond" or "Vanity Fair"?

But the tendency to shorter forms has found expression in two different ways. One is towards the elimination of all extraneous, in the sense of discursive, elements; the other is towards the simplification of "plot," even to the dismissing of all "plot," of old-time properly so called. Turgeniev in Russia and Hardy in England are the first exemplars of the former method. Meredith and Henry James are, of course, the exemplars *par excellence* of the latter one. The first will take a story like "The Mayor of Casterbridge" and relate it with the waste of no

word not proper to its relation. The latter will take a single incident like that of "The Egoist" and expand it by psychological analysis and innumerable side-lights of illumination. The claim of the first is the excitement of plot, with necessary characterisation; the claim of the latter is subtlety of insight and witful philosophy. That these two are the coming lines of development seems little to be doubted, and that we are not to go back to the old discursive expansive manner—despite Mr. de Morgan's attempt, which already he is leaving—seems little to be doubted also. And there is no occasion for any conflict between the two forms; nor need they be mutually exclusive. Like Nature, they should not stand to hard and fast distinctions. Broadly, this will be the development, and both forms naturally exclude prolixity of length.

LONDON CORNERS

The humbler architects of the olden times, with their irresponsible planning of streets and byways in this great, bewildering city, often builded wiser than they knew. They had no presentiment that their sunken roof-lines, distorted gables, crazy walls and warped cross-beams would one day delight the eye of the observer, and charm him, juxtaposed as many of them are to some correct and squared modern edifice, with a sense of pleasant incongruity, a sudden beckoning of the finger of romance.

Often, in our wanderings, it is as though the silent ghost of past ages—stately dame or poor relation—confronted the new world of offices and emporiums, rebuking by its very presence the stiff and irreproachably smart outlines of its neighbours—who will in their turn, it may be hundreds of years hence, reach the ghostly stage. Kindly, admonitory ghosts! They are being laid, most literally, one by one, and sentiment must step aside when the surveyor transfixes with stern, relentless gaze these tumbling courts and narrow alleys. But even he, perchance, by the fireside, will not disdain to give a thought to the crannies of London that he may soon help to destroy. Inspectors and surveyors, it is to be presumed, have souls like other people; they may have read of romance that "the young who avoid that region escape the title of fool at the cost of a celestial crown"; or of poetry that "those who have souls meet their fellows there"; or they may remember Dr. Johnson's words: "Sir, if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts." Thus they may arrive at our conclusion in spite of their profession that most of these buildings are more beautiful, more suggestive in their grace of contour, in their decay than ever they were in their prime.

It is most probable that never as a nation shall we possess that inimitable flair for architectural fitness and beauty which characterises our friends across the Channel. The vivacity of their prose, their continual state of insubordination in art, in music, literature, histrionics, against anything approaching dulness or heaviness, appears time after time in their public buildings and in their choice of unrivalled sites for those buildings to occupy. Our forte lies more in the direction of serenity, imperturbability, strength; a certain quality essentially sedate—and sometimes indubitably plain—pervades our finest monuments. On occasions it can take to itself an enchantment quite exceptional: witness St. Bride's tower soaring daintily above the murk, Quaker lily among London churches; or St. Clement Danes and St. Mary-le-Strand, those "madrigals in stone," as Henley called them. Again, we do not trouble much where we place our notable buildings, or how we hide them. From what point of vantage, one would ask, is it possible to obtain a satisfying view of St. Paul's Cathedral sufficiently near to comprehend its whole impressive scheme, sufficiently distant to render it harmonious? By its sheer splendour and size it dominates the highways and lanes that lie close to it, and impresses the passer-by; but we can only imagine what St. Paul's might look like were the surroundings more open; we have never really seen it, as yet. There are exceptions, of course; the magnificent Westminster Abbey, and the Houses of Parliament like a lion couchant along the river's bank; but had a Frenchman been dealing with that site he would have risked a revolution to get the Abbey fronting the bridge, or the bridge in line with the Abbey, in order to secure a more dignified and suitable approach. And where have we in London, among our astonishing railway stations, anything to compare with the palatial terminus of the Chemin de Fer d'Orléans, on the Quai d'Orsay, Paris? The new Victoria Station is practically our one imposing railway front, if we except the portals of Euston.

Fortunately, however, the attraction of London does not depend upon material things, although through them it is to a great extent expressed. Who shall say wherein consists the tremendous appeal of the sombre city, the mingled joy and fear, exhilaration and despondency, which the sympathetic temperament feels through merely being there? No one has satisfactorily analysed this sensation caused by "the largest chapter of human accidents in the world," as Mr. Henry James has termed it; and, in truth, to analyse it would be to endanger its charm, which lies not in any one quality or impression, but in the congregation of qualities and impressions, good and bad, into one superb whole. "We are far from liking London well enough," says the writer just quoted, in a passage of fine insight, "till we like its defects: the dense darkness of much of its winter, the soot on the chimney-pots and everywhere else, the early lamplight, the brown blur of the houses, the splashing of hansoms in Oxford Street or the Strand on December afternoons. . . . There are winter effects, not intrinsically sweet, which somehow touch the chords of memory and even the fount of tears; as, for instance, the front of the British Museum on a black afternoon, or the portico, when the weather is vile, of one of the big square clubs in Pall Mall. I can give no adequate account of the subtle poetry of such reminiscences; it depends upon associations of which we have often lost the thread."

The romance is by no means confined to buildings of note historically, socially, or architecturally; it calls through the rumble of the human mill in the busy arteries, it lingers in the echoing courts, dismal though some of them may be. It gleams from the river when the red winter sun flashes up from its surface as though an unseen hand had lazily shaken a cluster of flaming ribbons far below, or when the blind fog broods on the placid water, or when the clean April light decks each shore with the fantasy of a dream. The most insignificant quarters may hold it, and modern life avails little to suppress it.

> "Romance!" the season-tickets mourn,
> "He never ran to catch his train,
> But passed with coach and guard and horn,
> And left the local—late again!
> Confound Romance!" . . . And all unseen
> Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

Whether or not the buildings of the present day will seem as beautiful in their old age as do those with ancient russet roofs and sooty, mossy tiles, is a question for antiquarians of the future. At any rate, there remains to rest our eyes—and to instruct us, if we consider them rightly—a few old houses, a few corners decrepit but worthy, a few little view-points missed by the hustling crowd of visitors. "There are places whose very aspect is a story or a song." They are rapidly vanishing, a prey to the necessity for more space, more accommodation, and the value of their positions; but, as from a loved, aged friend we treasure every word and attend every message, let us glance kindly upon them in our wanderings, weave a story round some of them, and amid the rush and reverberation of this grim and glorious city hear their still, irresolute voices while we may.

OUR LETTER FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The forecast I was able to give in my letter last week as to the distribution likely to be made by the Mexican Railway Company, and the possibilities of its declaring a dividend on the Ordinary stock, was, I am glad to say, fulfilled to the letter, and it was quite like old times to see such a satisfactory return. The company are able to pay the full 6 per cent. upon the Second Preference and ¾ per cent. on the Ordinary stock. At the corresponding period last year the former received only 2⅜ per cent., the Ordinary, of course, getting nil; in fact, it is the first time for thirteen years that the Ordinary have received anything. The important point is the fact of great reductions in the expense ratio, and, according to the working statements for the past two months of the current half-year, this reduction is likely to continue; hence, I think, the Second Preference are certain to reach par, and the Ordinary a fair speculation to rise to 65.

Rubber shares have had another disappointing week, and in view of the heavy forced liquidation, due to over-trading in Mincing Lane, "bear" selling on the Stock Exchange, and the continued fall in the price of raw material, the position was not unlooked for, and the weekly sales on Tuesday were eagerly awaited. The result was a smart rally, as many of the better class shares were unduly depressed. Many investors have no doubt burnt their fingers by rushing in at the top without a careful survey of facts, so important when risking one's money. What one suffers from on the Stock Exchange is the multitude of tips, and our readiness to accept them in good faith, often, alas! to repent at leisure. No rubber company should be capitalised over £100 an acre—at least, so a well-known expert informs me. Such shares as Anglo-Malays, Patalings, Linggis, and last, but not least, Vallambrosas are all sound estates, and at to-day's prices are worth purchasing. I mentioned that Tanganyikas were firm on a report that the completion of the railway was shortly expected to the Star of the Congo Mines. I now see a cable has been received by the directors that the railway has reached the mine. This is important news, and the shares should now rally. Although Rhodesians have not yet come up to expectations so often expressed, I am looking forward to a fairly active market before the close of the present month. The "bears" must close, as the persistent hammering of Chartereds and many of the better class shares in the section proves that they are getting restless, and know perfectly well that unless they can get the shares down before the upward movement arrives they will be severely caught in their own trap.

The directors of the Zongo Rubber Estates, a company successfully floated a few months back, have received, from an unlooked for source, testimony that they have a very valuable property, which fully confirms the statement made in the prospectus by their own expert. This is good news for the shareholders.

Canadian Pacifics, as I have all along stated they would, touched 200 during the week, which is 4½ points higher since I last wrote; this is in itself a satisfactory rise. The Continent has been responsible for heavy buying, founded on expectation of a good statement to be made at the coming meeting in reference to the land sales. The position in Canada is more than hopeful; everything there is prosperous and peaceful, and I see no reason why the shares of this great railway should not in the course of time reach a much higher level, say 230.

To those who may be seeking a sound investment for their spare cash I append a few stocks which strike me, at the money, as being particularly cheap—*i.e.*, Atchison Four per Cent. New Convertible bonds, Grand Trunk Second Prefs., Five per Cent. Buenos Ayres, Rosario Ordinary, Johannesburg City Four per Cent. Loan, North British Three per Cent. Preferred Ordinary, Buenos Ayres Grand National Tramways Five per Cent. Debentures, Entre Rios Four per Cent. Debentures, Rand Water Board Four per Cent. Inscribed stock, Mexican Central Four per Cent. Debentures, Hall's Oxford Brewery Four per Cent. Debentures, Government and General Investment Four per Cent. Debentures, Trust Union Four and a Half per Cent. Cumulative Preference. Forming a small trust out of any of the above stocks would, I consider, be a perfectly safe means of investing a few hundreds at to-day's current prices. I should always be pleased to answer any of your readers' inquiries as to any class of financial matters, and give them the benefit of my many years of City experience.

I am advised that the general position in America is healthy, and that such stocks as Union Pacifics, Norfolk and Western Railway, and Rock Islands are likely to see a great improvement in price long before Christmas, which seems to be drawing so rapidly near to us. The report of the Norfolk and Western Railway is out. Space does not permit me to enter into details, but it is instructive reading, and shows the wonderful progress of the road. The company was thoroughly reorganised in 1896, and since then its progress has been very marked. The bonds yield 4 per cent. and over. For instance the Four per Cent. Convertible bonds yield at 103½ about £4 1s. The company is now earning a dividend of 12 per cent. upon its stock. The dividend on the Ordinary stock is now on a basis of 5 per cent., but, with the continued expansion of the line, this might easily be increased. At 99½ this stock yields £5 4s. 6d., and is distinctly attractive. Carmen Mines of El Oro were firm on important news from the mine, and a rise is looked for; this also applies to the shares of Venture Corporation, who have some large holdings in many successful flotations.

It is with deep regret that I notice that the past week has added two well-known members to the list of its dead.

Lord Borthwick was a member of the well-known firm of Borthwick, Wark, and Co., stockbrokers, and was an active and popular member of the firm. He joined the House in 1889 at the early age of twenty-two. Sir Patteson Nickalls was a much older member of the Stock Exchange, joining as far back as 1862. He also was an active worker, and was always at his post in the Rio Tinto market. He was brother to the well-known Tom Nickalls, who was named the Erie King, as he was the largest jobber in that once gambling stock.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

FINANCIAL OBSERVER.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE PERVERSION OF HISTORY AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree cannot complain of the reception given either by the audience or the Press to his production of "Henry VIII.," simply as a pageant, a historical masque, for which at the first it was obviously intended. There is extant to that effect a contemporary letter of Sir Henry Wotton, author of the famous definition of an ambassador—a part he himself had filled—as "an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country." Writing to a nephew, on July 6, 1613, he states:—"The king's players had a new play called 'All is True,' representing *some principal pieces of the reign of Henry VIII.*" And Sir Henry adds that at this early date these "pieces" were "set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty."

One laudatory verdict of the present revival may be quoted as a sample and summary of all:—"Never before has Sir H. B. Tree managed to blend so well the truth and beauty of a past age in a stage spectacle . . . . . *making Tudor England live again at His Majesty's Theatre.*" But it would seem advisable to call attention, directly and emphatically, to the perversion of historical facts and characters in the histrionic representation, especially with regard to Henry himself and his second consort, Queen Anne Boleyn. One of the critics has himself been misled thereby, for he complained:—"The real Henry *may have been* of a low comedy turn in private life, but it seems a mistake to show him so on the stage."

No historian, I expect, ever studied his authorities with greater care than did Anthony Froude. And though he may have somewhat over-coloured his picture, after the manner of Lord Macaulay and other eminent writers of history, from Herodotus to Justin M'Carthy, yet his abundant quotations from contemporary sources amply prove his case in all its main features. He shows indisputably that, however "bluff" and familiar "King Hal" may have been on occasion with his intimates, he was notwithstanding "every inch a king."

That he should be depicted on the stage of our leading theatre as—in the words of another critic—"coarse and clumsy, with a sort of external bonhomie, disguising a small and mean nature," is greatly to be deprecated. For so he will remain, in the minds of thousands, when the run of the piece—or "pieces"—is over, unless a strenuous protest and emphatic refutation be previously made. What is now being nightly presented to crowded audiences is evidently a sordid travesty of

an English sovereign, who, whatever he may have been, was never a coarse buffoon. Alike at the battle of Spurs and the sieges of Tournay and Terouenne, in the war of "The Holy Alliance" against France, he had proved himself a gallant soldier; in every knightly exercise he was eminently proficient; he was a skilful musician and composer both of music and verse; he was an accomplished linguist and an able polemic, whom the Pope himself had dubbed *Defensor Fidei*. Even the critic of *The Church Times* complained of the actor that "he emphasises King Henry's crudeness of behaviour out of all due proportion. . . . The great Tudor had more dignity, more natural pride, more regal awe, than here we are led to suppose."

We must demur yet more strongly to the representation made of Anne Boleyn, that beautiful and hapless woman, who *for five years* withstood the king's persistent wooing, and only yielded to him at last because, like Jane Welsh in after years, her own "Love's young dream" had been rudely dispelled, and she also, and with equal reluctance and misgiving, "married for ambition" to her own undoing. "I married for ambition," wrote Mrs. Carlyle to a friend. "My ambition has been satisfied to the full—and *I am miserable.*" Yet this unfortunate lady is positively depicted as—to use the phrase of another misguided critic—"an unmitigated minx," as only too eager to supplant her mistress and beguile the King to that end. The better-informed critic of *The Church Times* exclaims in amazement:—"This sensuous little woman of the world, playing with King Henry with openness of purpose, eyeing him, and coyly urging him by pretended restraint, is surely not 'Anne Bullen.'" It is, of course, a gross travesty of the proud niece of the Duke of Norfolk, the chosen companion of Henry VII.'s daughter to the French Court, and Maid of Honour to the haughty Catherine of Arragon, the fair ideal of the courtly poet Sir Thomas Wyatt, and theme of his choicest verse, the warm friend of Archbishop Cranmer, and constant patroness of those saintly men who, in that sensuous age, sought to carry out the daring ideas of Erasmus and Luther, and give to the despised "common people" the "Scripture of Truth" in their own tongue.

Let every fair-minded reader judge whether I have used too strong or prejudiced a phrase in demurring to the representation at His Majesty's Theatre as "A Perversion of History."—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

STRINGER BATEMAN.

BOHEMIA'S DESERT COUNTRY BY THE SEA.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—There was another period, much nearer to Shakespeare's own time, in which Bohemia's conquering armies had swept victoriously over the desert country by the sea. From tradition, as well as from Robert Greene, Shakespeare might well have heard of Bohemia's possessing such a country. I wrote, in the year 1894, of the Bohemians, that in "1430 they (the armies of the victorious Bohemians) swept away northward over the flat sand-plains of Brandenburg and Lithuania, until, in 1433, their armies reached the Baltic, near Dantzig, and in their joy at their victorious march, they filled their flagons with the sea-water, and brought some back to Prague, and drank confusion to their enemies, for the sea alone stopped their onward march. Then the country held by the Bohemians was a desert country near the sea." This article was republished last year in my "Literary and Biographical Studies." The tradition of this historic fact is to-day well remembered in Bohemia, as every traveller who converses with the Czechs in any language but German will quickly discover; and how much more alive would the remembrance of this fact have been in Shakespeare's day, as well as of the victories of Ottaker II. to the double seaboard in the thirteenth century.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

JAMES BAKER.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

The Tariff History of the United States. By. F. W. Taussig, LL.B., Ph.D. Fifth Edition. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.

The Bishop's Son. A New Drama in Four Acts. By Hall Caine. Privately Printed.

The Trade Union Label. By Ernest R. Spedden, Ph.D. The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore. 50 cents.

On Life and Letters. By Anatole France. A Translation by A. W. Evans. John Lane. 6s.

Œuvres en Prose de Richard Wagner (Tome VI.). Translated into French by J. G. Prod'homme and F. Caillé. Ch. Delagrave, Paris. 3fr. 50.

THEOLOGY

The Revelation of St. John the Divine. Explained by Edgar C. S. Gibson, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester. ("The Churchman's Bible.") Methuen and Co. 2s. 6d. net.

Bells and Pomegranates, and Other Sermons. By the late Very Rev. Frederic W. Farrar, M.A., D.D., Dean of Canterbury. Skeffington and Son. 3s. 6d. net.

Woman, her Power, Influence, and Mission: Twenty-one Sermons. By the Rev. Vivian R. Lennard, M.A. With a Preface by the Countess of Jersey. Skeffington and Son. 3s. 6d. net.

The Hope of Catholick Judaism: An Essay towards Orientation. By J. H. A. Hart, M.A. Parker and Co., Oxford. 3s. net.

"The Failure of Liberal Christianity," and "Some Thoughts on the Athanasian Creed." Two Addresses br F. C. Burkitt, M.A., F.B.A. Bowes and Bowes, Cambridge. 6d. net.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

The Sea-Kings of Crete. By the Rev. James Baikie, F.R.A.S. Illustrated. A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.

Picturesque Tarrytown; or, In the Sleepy Hollow Country. By Harry Edward Miller. The Irving Society, Tarrytown, N.Y., U.S.A.

Life and Letters of Alexander Macmillan. By Charles L. Graves. With Portraits. Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.

Four Fascinating Frenchwomen: Adélaïde Filleul, Comtesse de Flahaut, Marquise de Souza; Claire de Kersaint, Duchesse de Duras; Marie Caroline de Bourbon, Duchesse de Berry; Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, Countess Demidoff. By Mrs. Bearne. Illustrated with Portraits. T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

Peter the Cruel: The Life of the Notorious Don Pedro of Castile, together with an Account of his Relations with the Famous Maria de Padilla. By Edward Storer. Illustrated. John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.

EDUCATIONAL

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles: Founded mainly on the Materials Collected by the Philological Society. Vol. IX.—T-Tealt. By Sir James A. H. Murray. Henry Frowde, Clarendon Press, Oxford. 5s.

Le Barbier de Séville, ou la Précaution Inutile. By Beaumarchais. Edited with Notes by Max Freund, M.A. (Siepmann's Classical French Texts.) Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d.

FICTION

The Devil and the Deep Sea. By Rhoda Broughton. Macmillan and Co. 6s.

Rewards and Fairies. By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated. Macmillan and Co. 6s.

The Children of the Chapel. By Mrs. Disney Leith. Including "The Pilgrimage of Pleasure," a Morality Play by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.

Babes in the Wood: A Romance of the Jungles. By B. M. Croker. Methuen and Co. 6s.

The Immortal Charlatan: A Practical Romance. By Robert Elliot. Methuen and Co. 6s.

The Moon God's Secret: A Tale of the Tropical Pacific. By Robert M. Macdonald. Illustrated by A. Webb. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

The Affairs of Ashleigh. By Stephen Knott. Andrew Melrose. 6s.

Love and Bissaker. By Wilfrid L. Randell. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.

Across the Gulf. By Newton V. Stewart. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.

JUVENILE

Andersen's Fairy Tales. Translated by Mrs. Edgar Lucas. Illustrated by Maxwell Armfield. J. M. Dent and Sons. 7s. 6d. net.

VERSE

The Queen of the Fiord, and Other Poems. By John Cave. Portrait Frontispiece. Kegan Paul and Co. 5s. net.

PERIODICALS

Scribner's Magazine; Harper's Magazine; T.P.'s Magazine; The Fortnightly Review; All the World; The Musical Observer; The Child, a Monthly Journal Devoted to Child Welfare; The English Review; Everybody's Story Magazine; Friendly Greetings; The Sunday at Home; The Boy's Own Paper; Blackwood's Magazine; The Contemporary Review; Travel and Exploration; The Bookseller; The Educational Times; London University Gazette; Prevention, a Quarterly Journal Devoted to Public Morals; The Vineyard; The School World; The Publishers' Circular; Deutsche Rundschau.

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A BROADSIDE

ABOUT THE "BOOK MONTHLY" AND ITS INCREASING PURPOSE.

Being now seven years old and so grown up, the BOOK MONTHLY enters upon developments with the October number. It has established itself for its bright literary gossip, its well informed literary articles, its advance information about books, its beautiful illustrations; in a word, as a magazine with the true, inner knowledge of the book world. In that tradition it goes forward, enlarged in size and, for the benefit of the general reader, made more popular and more practical in contents and style. It retains all its proved features, but it seeks a broader highway of literary usefulness, appealing not only to the bookseller and the librarian, to the publisher and the bookman, but to everybody who reads books, or likes to read about books. For instance, the former mere catalogue of the month's publications is replaced by a selected, annotated list of the chief new books and new editions. If you consult this list and its accompanying snapshot reviews, you will have guidance enough to the current books of real interest and moment. Indeed, to read the BOOK MONTHLY constantly is to be kept on easy terms with books and authors of the time, in touch with the literary forces of the hour. It is an instructing, entertaining "guide, philosopher and friend," equally for the reader near the centre of things or far away, and it only costs sixpence a month. You can order it regularly from any bookseller, bookstall or newsagent, or the publishers will send it post free, inland and abroad, for a year, for eight shillings.

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